

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

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EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1898.

NO. 7.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Main and Broadway,
Lexington, Ky.

The Bed of the Future

Consigned to the past are the old-time beds, with their high posts, their towering canopies, and their fluttering draperies,

THE BED OF TODAY

Is of iron or brass, light, clean attractive and strong, it combines in attractive form all the requisites of an up-to-date bed. The prices cover a wide range—

\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, etc.

White Enamelled Dresser, \$12.50 and \$13.50.

Maple and Mahogany chamber furniture in attractive styles.

FOLDING BEDS—

Chiffonier Beds, full size—

\$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00

Mahogany finish, upright bed with 18x40 French mirror, at \$30.00. Look at our East window—Cut Price Sale of Pictures.

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Carpets, Furniture, Wall Paper.

LEXINGTON, KY.

O. EDWARDS.

See my select stock of Christmas supplies:

Nuts, 10c lb.

Figs, 8 to 15c lb.

Raisins, 8 to 15c lb.

Candies, 6 1-4 to 25c lb.

Dates, 7 1-2 c lb.

Oranges, 25 to 40c dozen.

Apples, bananas, prunes, grapes, pickles, dried fruits, oysters, celery, crackers, turkeys.

The cheapest line of fire works in Paris.

Come and see me.

O. EDWARDS.

Paris, Ky.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

WE ARE

Headquarters For Correct Styles.



Hats, "Knox" and "Dunlap" Styles, \$3.

New line of Shirts from 75c up. The very latest collars and cuffs—strictly up to date. Collars, 15c to 20c. Cuffs, 20c and 25c per pair. Latest Neckties 25c, 50c and 75c. Full and complete line of gents' furnishings.

OUR HOLIDAY BARGAINS:

Our \$30 Business Suits for \$35. Our \$35 Business Suits for \$30. Our \$40 Business Suits for \$35. Sold by others for \$55 to \$60.

Our \$30 Overcoats for \$25. Our \$35 Overcoats for \$30. Our \$40 Overcoats for \$35. Sold by others for \$60.

Try our \$8 Trousers. Sold by others for \$15.

We mean what we say and can prove it. The above prices are for Cash.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Catter.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

CLIMATIC ADVANTAGE

Ev'ry workingman, begob, sir. And their name," said Pat, "is legion, Can freeze on to a good job, sir. In that far off Klondike region."

THE NEW DOMINION.

The Post thus notes Mr. Clay Clement's return engagement in Louisville, Thursday night: "So hearty was the reception accorded Mr. Clement and his play that the actor-author had to turn speech-maker after the third act, and return his thanks for the warmth of enthusiasm and the manifest sincerity with which his audience received him. Nothing new is to be said of the 'New Dominion' at this late day. It is an exquisite idyl of love, a pastoral comedy of the highest and most refined type, a drama pure in tone, lofty but natural in sentiment, couched in the purest and most beautiful of English and unfolding a story at once interesting and probable. Mr. Clement's portrayal of its chief character, Baron Franz Victor Von Hohenstaufen, a fine manly fellow, intellectual and innately a gentleman in all that that sometimes sadly misused word implies, is one of the classic character studies of the modern stage. Moreover Mr. Clement's methods have that ease, grace and naturalness which belong to real art."

The engagement is announced of Charles Dana Burroughs, of Portland, Me., and Miss Adelaide Mason, daughter of Marion Manola, the actress. Mr. Burroughs is a nephew of Speaker Reed, and lives with the latter's family. Miss Mason's father is Henry S. Mould, a prominent iron manufacturer, of Pittsburg, from whom Marion Manola was divorced several years ago.

Mr. Alexander Weiss, of the College of Music, of Cincinnati, manager of the Misses Zandle and Lilla Harris, of Louisville, and the Marien Spring Quartet, of Cincinnati, was in Paris Saturday making arrangements for a concert to be given by these artists sometime in March. They will probably come under the auspices of some ladies' society, and the concert will be held either at the opera house or one of the local churches.

"The Gentleman Who is Going To Die" is the striking title of a new story by Clara Morris, the actress, which will appear in the Ladies Home Journal.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Li Hung Chang and Sackett, owned by El Stums, of this city, are entered in the Kentucky Derby and Clark Stakes.

John T. Gay, Jr., of Pisgah, Woodford county, was paid thirteen cents all round for his eight-acre crop, of tobacco. It brought \$2,245.35, or \$281 an acre.

Jonas Weil yesterday shipped four cars of export cattle over the L. & N. to Newport News, Va., where they will be shipped to Liverpool in the steamship Chickahominy.

The Kentucky Association will race this spring, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. It is probable all the old stakes will be opened and two or three new specials added. The dates will be about the last of April or the first of May.

At Louisville Friday T. C. Robinson, of Clark County, got \$22.50 a hundred for a hoghead of tobacco, the highest price paid for new tobacco this season. There were in the crop fifteen hogheads, the remainder sold at good prices. The general average for the lot was \$15.50.

The Clover Bottom correspondent of the Woodford Sun says: Chas. H. Baxter bought a horse for the small sum of 80c. Afterwards he traded the animal for a yearling heifer, 6 shoats, 4 barrels of corn and 1 1/2 gals. of molasses. He sold the heifer the next day for the neat sum of \$10, and still has the other articles on which he contemplates making a neat profit. This is an actual fact.

I offer my services to the public to put in electric bells, or electric burglar alarms, in storerooms or residences. Can recharge and repair old batteries and overhaul old wires and make as good as new. Terms, extremely reasonable. WOOD GRINNAN. Lock-box 173, Paris, Ky.

Wright's Colery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

MASTER'S SALE

Bourbon Co. Land

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Venia Wren, Plaintiff, vs. John H. Wren, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 14th day of December, 1897, I will sell publicly at the court house door in Paris, Kentucky, at about the hour of noon on

MONDAY, FEB. 7TH, 1898,

the following described real estate to-wit:

A tract of 51 1/2 acres of land situated in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on the Millersburg & Cincinnati turnpike road, on the waters of Hinkston about one mile from Millersburg, Kentucky, and bounded thus:

Beginning at corner to the tract which formerly belonged to Robert H. Champ; thence N 69 1/2 E 85 poles to the middle of said pike, corner to home lot; thence the with middle of said pike N 39 1/2 W 72 poles; thence 40 1/2 W 49 poles to David Hamilton's corner in said road; thence S 62 W 61 51-100 poles to a stone in said Hamilton's line and corner to the first mentioned "home" tract; thence S 29 E 107 21-100 poles to the beginning

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money and for which the purchaser will be required to execute bond, with good surety for the purchase price in equal sums, payable to the undersigned Master Commissioner and bearing interest at six per cent. per annum from the day of sale until paid, said bonds to be approved by the undersigned Commissioner.

EMMETT M. DICKSON, Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

SWINFORD & OSBORNE, McMILLAN & TALBOTT, Attorneys.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE Best in the World.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distinguished itself as the best shoe in the world. W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best material possible at these prices. \$2.50 and \$3.50 shoes for men, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.50 for boys and youths. W. L. Douglas shoes are endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at the prices. They are made in all the latest shapes and styles, and of every variety of leather. If dealer cannot supply you, write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by J. P. KIELY.



Kurtzman Pianos

Have for years been known as among the best. Over 10,000 are in use in Cincinnati and surrounding territory. These celebrated instruments are now

Better Than Ever,

As they contain recent improvements greatly enhancing their musical worth, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. We are sole representatives and intending purchasers will avoid errors and misunderstanding by conferring with us.

Ernest Urchs & Co.

121-123 W. 4th St., CINCINNATI. Sole Steinway Representatives.

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Fire, Wind and Storm Insurance.

THE VERY BEST. OLD, RELIABLE, PROMPT-PAYING.

NON-UNION.

MASTER'S SALE

Bourbon Co. Land!

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Economy Building & Loan Association of Paris, Kentucky, Plaintiff, vs. N. E. P. Best, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause at its November term, 1897, I will sell publicly at the Court house door, in Paris, Kentucky, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

at about the hour of noon, the following described tracts of land, to-wit:

Beginning at 1 on the southeast edge of the pike leading from Millersburg to Ruddle's Mills and running N 43 1/2 W 29.76 poles to 2, and of stone fence corner to Wilder; then with stone fence as it meanders N 50 1/2 E 5.40 poles to 3, N 33 1/2 E 14.50 poles to 4, N 43 1/2 E 20.40 poles to 5, a stone corner to S Thompson; then N 57 W 52.30 poles to 6, corner to Sarah Moore, then N 49 1/2 W 22.08 poles to a stake corner to Layson, then S 54 W 53.12 poles to 8, the north edge of the rock on said pike; then S 88 1/2 E 69.48 poles to 9, corner to Jerry Hall; then N 43 1/2 E 9.61 poles to 10, a stone corner to same; then S 48 E 20 poles to 11, the Southeast edge of the rock in said pike; then N 72 E 23 poles to 12, a bend in the pike; then N 83 1/2 E 14.50 poles to the beginning and containing 33 acres and 29 poles and is the same property conveyed to the said Nannie E. P. Best by M. L. Presley by deed of record in the office of the clerk of the Bourbon County Court in deed book 71, at page 89.

Also, a certain tract of land lying near the above tract beginning at a stone corner to J. Bruce Smith; then S 43 1/2 E 19 poles to a stone on the N margin of the Ruddle's Mills Turnpike; then crossing the pike at the bridge N 39 1/2 W 14 poles to a stone on the N margin of the pike thence N 43 E 10 poles to the beginning, containing 1 acre and 23 poles and is the same property conveyed to N. E. P. Best, by M. L. Presley by deed, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the debts, interest and costs of this action.

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money and the purchaser will be required to execute bonds immediately upon the conclusion of said sale, with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner, payable to said Commissioner and bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of a judgment.

Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the plaintiff, Economy Building & Loan Association of Paris, Kentucky, for \$1,479.88, with interest thereon from the 30th day of May, 1896, until paid, and \$10 costs of former suit, amounting on the day of sale to \$1,639.61, and also a judgment in favor of the Eagle Tobacco Warehouse Co. for \$294.00 with interest thereon from the 23rd day of February, 1897, until paid, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, amounting on the day of sale to \$624.40, and the costs, to-wit, \$104.29, making the total sum to be raised on day of sale \$2,368.30.

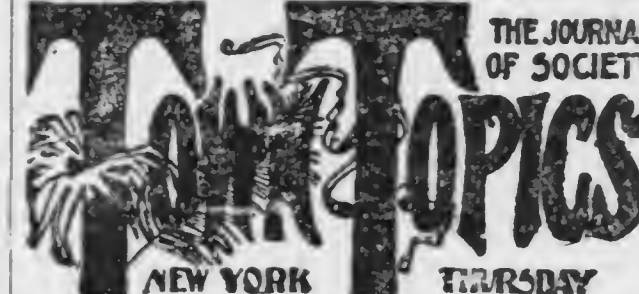
EMMETT M. DICKSON.

Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

McMILLAN & TALBOTT, Att'ys.

GOOD TIMES HAVE COME.

You can afford to indulge yourself or your family in the luxury of a good weekly newspaper and a quarterly magazine of fiction. You can get both of these publications with almost a library of good novels for \$5 per year.



world-famed for its brightness and the most complete General Weekly—covering a wider range of subjects suited to the tastes of men and women of culture and refinement than any journal—ever published. Subscription price, \$4 per annum.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS, a 256-page Quarterly Magazine of fiction, appearing the first day of March, June, September and December, and publishing original novels by the best writers of the day and a mass of short stories, poems, burlesques, witicisms, etc. Subscription price, \$5 per annum.

Club price for both, \$5 per annum. You can have both of these if you subscribe NOW and a bonus of 10 novels selected from the list below. Regular price for each, 50 cents. All sent postpaid.

Remit \$5 in New York exchange, express or postal money order, or by registered letter, together with a list of the 10 novels selected, by numbers, to

TOWN TOPICS, 209 Fifth Avenue, New York.

6—THE SALE OF A SOUL. By C. M. S. McLellan.
7—THE COUSIN OF THE KING. By A. S. Van Western.
8—SIX MONTHS IN HADES. By Clarence I. Clingham.
9—THE SPIRITS OF CHANCE. By Captain Alfred Thompson.
10—ANTHONY KENT. By Charles Stokes Wayne.
11—AN ILLUSION OF VIRTUE. By Champion Russell.
12—AN UNPROMISING SIREN. By John Gilmer.
13—THAT DR. ATFUL WOMAN. By Harold K. Vyan.
14—A REAL P. D. QUINCE. By Gilbert McKendree.
15—WHY SAY GLADYS. By David Christie Murray.
16—A VERY REMARKABLE GIRL. By L. H. Dickson.
17—A MARRIAGE FOR HATE. By Harold K. Vyan.
18—OUT OF THE SUEPHUR. By T. C. De Leon.
19—THE WIDOW MAN. By Chas. Russell.
20—THE HUNT FOR HAPPINESS. By Arthur V. Viedt.
21—HURRY RANGE EXPERIMENT. By Harold K. Vyan.
22—ON THE ALTAR OF PASSION. By John Gilmer.
23—A MARRIAGE TO LOVE. By James A. Ward.

MASTER'S SALE

City Property.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Economy Building & Loan Association, Plaintiff, vs. Sallie Thomas, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment of the Bourbon Circuit Court made and entered in the above styled cause on the 18th day of December, 1897, I will sell publicly at the court house door in Paris, Kentucky, about the hour of noon on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

the following described real estate to-wit:

The certain house and lot situated on the South side of Chestnut street (now Seventh street) fronting on said street 40 feet and extending therefrom between parallel lines and with the line of Josephine Wilson on the East and the line of Mrs. Anna Elgin on the West to the line of Mangou's lot and is the same property conveyed to said Sallie Thomas by John L. Trundle and wife, by deed of date May 7th, 1890, which is of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Bourbon county at Deed Book 73, page 22, and is part of the property conveyed to John L. Trundle by Selby Lillsten and wife.

Said sale will be made upon credits of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money and for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good surety to be approved by the undersigned Master Commissioner, bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of a judgment.

Said sale is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of the plaintiff herein for the sum of \$940.66, with interest thereon from September 30th, 1896, until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, amounting principal and interest on the day of sale to the sum of \$993.65 and the costs of this suit, to-wit, \$87.55 making the total sum to be raised on the day of sale the sum of \$1081.20.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,

Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit Court.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

Bourbon County Land.

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

Nannie T. Martin's Ex'r, Plaintiff, vs. F. M. Fisher, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of an agreed order of sale in the above styled action entered at the Nov., 1897, term of the Court, the undersigned will on,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1898,

about the hour of 11 a. m., o'clock at the Court-house door in Paris, Bourbon County, Kentucky expose to public sale the following real estate located near Ruddle's Mills in Bourbon County, Kentucky, to-wit:

A tract of 131 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles of land lying in Bourbon County, Kentucky, near the town of Ruddle's Mills adjoining the lands lately owned by J. W. McIlvain, the Millersburg & Ruddle's Mills turnpike, the Willis Collins estate, the farm lately owned by Bourbon County as a poor house farm, the lands of J. J. Dimmitt and others, 121 acres, 0 rods and 17 poles thereof being the same lands conveyed to T. M. Fisher by Willis Collins and others by deed of record in the office of the Clerk of Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 8, and the remaining 10 acres being the same lands conveyed to said Fisher by Joshua Barton and others by deed recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Bourbon County Court in deed book 52, page 9, to which reference is made for a description of said lands by metes and bounds.

TERMS.—This sale will be made upon credits of 12 and 18 months for equal parts of the purchase money, and the purchaser will be required to execute bond with good surety to be approved by the undersigned assignee bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of 6 per cent. This sale will be made free from the contingent dower right of the wife of T. M. Fisher. For further information apply to the assignee at Richmond, Ky.

H. B. HOGG,

Assignee of T. M. Fisher.

Or, McMILLAN & TALBOTT, Att'ys for Plt'.

Paris, Ky.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY and active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Kentucky. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. W. Chicago. (16907-8)

POLICE OF ROUEN

Failed to Disperse the Rioting Students in That City Thursday.

Newspapers Supporting Dreyfus Burned—Riotous Students Dispersed by Police in Paris—Many Arrests Made—Student Demonstration in Algiers.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—Altogether there have been 115 arrests Thursday and many of those arrested are kept in custody.

At Rouen the police charged the students but failed to disperse them. The troops have been consigned to barracks and the police occupy the streets in force.

Anti-Semitic disturbances have taken place throughout the day at Nancy. Newspapers supporting Dreyfus were burned on the stair case of the university.

Despite the government prohibition, the organizing committee of Monday's anti-Semitic meeting at the Tivoli Vauxhall has decided to hold a public demonstration on Sunday afternoon.

A dispatch from Epinal, capital of the department of Vosges, situated about 190 miles from here, says the first anti-Jewish demonstration took place there Thursday. Placards bearing the now popular cries, denouncing Zola and the Hebrews and upholding the army, were posted in front of the Hebrew stores.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—From the Latin quarter 2,000 students marched to the Hotel des Invalides, some raising shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." They then crossed the bridges, where the police divided them into two bodies. One made a demonstration in front of the Penepire barracks (Caserne de la Penepire) and the other, numbering 500, gathered in front of M. Zola's house with the usual cries. The police finally dispersed them after making 30 arrests.

There has been a small anti-Jewish demonstration at Rouen. Another student demonstration has taken place at Algiers. It was dispersed several times. Many arrests were made and there were frequent fights in the Jewish market place, where several persons were injured.

MUCH DAMAGE

Wrought Throughout Kentucky by the Heavy Rain and Wind Storm—Flood at Louisville Expected.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 21.—Fears are entertained here of a flood. The Ohio is rising steadily. At six o'clock Thursday morning the danger line was but three feet off but by noon this distance had been decreased by nearly 11 inches. The waters are touching the curbstones at the foot of Fifth and Fourth streets and the residents in these localities have packed their belongings preparatory to flight. During Wednesday night the rise was three feet, but the rain had ceased and the river Thursday morning was not so great. At noon the reading at the locks was 23 feet 2 inches; in the canal, 45 feet 7 inches.

Reports received indicate that much damage was done throughout the state Wednesday night by the heavy rain and wind storm, which came up about 3:30 o'clock. Thomas Cross, a drummer from North Vernon, Ind., was drowned while crossing a swollen stream near West Baden, Ind., while a son of a farmer named Drury and a Negro farm hand who were riding a horse across a Cumberland river ford in Jackson county, Tennessee, were drowned. In Kentucky, a Methodist church near Palmouth was unroofed, and barns and farm houses in Garrard, Grayson, Henderson, Union and Hickman counties were damaged. The Licking, Big Sandy, Cumberland, Green and all their tributaries are booming and many of them are out of their banks.

JAMES SMITH

Tells the Story of the Murder of Chris. Merry's Wife.

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—James Smith, the companion of Peddler Chris. Merry, told the story Thursday of the murder of Merry's wife.

"The truth is that neither Hickey nor I was there when Merry killed his wife," said Smith. "We were across the street. We could hear him pounding her head upon the floor. No, she did not cry. She could not. He was choking her. He choked her outright. Then he came over and told me about it."

"Merry was pretty badly broken up that night. We left Poll in the bed and sat by the stove all night. We did not sleep. He thought a good deal of that woman—thought too much of her. But he had such a temper."

Smith also told about the burying of the body in a ditch outside the city and the journey south.

When court was called Attorney Wade, for Smith, made his closing address and was followed by Col. Davidson for Merry.

Death of Mrs. Katherine Forsyth.

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Mrs. Katherine Forsyth, the actress, late of Philadelphia, died in this city. In 1878 she became leading lady of the late John McCullough, which position she retained until he retired from the stage. She subsequently went to England. Miss Forsyth afterwards returned to America for a time and was last seen at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia.

Ship Yards Close Down.

BAY CITY, Mich., Jan. 21.—Wheeler & Co.'s ship yards shut down Thursday morning throwing 700 men out of work, as a result of the riveters refusing to accept a seven per cent. increase in wages. The riveters had been on a strike several days, their object being to obtain the same scale of wages paid in 1895. When the riveters declined the company's offer of increase, the company resolved to close the yard and endeavor to employ an entirely new force of workmen. The riveters would have accepted the proffered increase had they not been required to sign an agreement not to act as a body.

CONGRESSIONAL

Teller Resolution Will Be Disposed of in the Senate This Week.

Not Much Attention Will Be Given to Hawaiian Program in the House Little of Interest Beyond the Limits of the District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The present outlook is unfavorable to the senate's giving much attention to the Hawaiian treaty during this week. The agreement to vote on Thursday upon the Teller resolution reaffirming the doctrine that United States bonds are payable in silver at the option of the government will in all probability result in the senate's giving the major portion of its time until that date to this measure with the exception of that necessary to the consideration of appropriation bills. Senator Turpie has given notice of a speech on the Teller resolution for Monday and it is expected that speeches for it will be made by Senators Teller, Pettigrew, White and others, and that there also will be some addresses in opposition. Senator Nelson has offered an amendment declaring for the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, but the silver men, considering this proposed modification hostile to their purpose will not accept it. They say they will insist upon a vote upon the resolution as it stands.



FRANK G. CANNON.
(United States Senator from Utah.)

The pension appropriation bill will be called up Monday, and as soon as it is disposed of the senate will be asked to take up the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. Each of these will provoke some debate, but it is not expected to be prolonged in either case.

When the treaty next comes up Senator Teller will be recognized to speak in its support, and he probably will be followed by Senator White in opposition. The vote on the treaty now appears at least three weeks distant.

The house programme for this week includes little of interest beyond the limits of the district of Columbia. Almost the entire week will be devoted to the District of Columbia appropriation bill. It is expected that the Indian appropriation bill, the consideration of which was begun Saturday, will be completed Monday. The only item in the bill which is likely to cause much of a contest is that providing for the leasing of the Gilsonite beds of the Uncompahgre reservation in Utah. This provision was beaten in the last Indian bill and will be stubbornly contested now. The district bill will probably consume the remainder of the week.

So far as could be learned the administration had no advice from Havana Sunday. Both the state and navy departments affirmed that nothing had been heard from Gen. Lee and professed to look upon the lack of news as a good sign. On the other hand the city was full of rumors ranging in importance from the statement that the white squadron had sailed from Key West to that of Lee's being assassinated at Havana. Inquiry however failed to reveal any basis for sensational reports.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The senate was in session Saturday for the first time since the opening of congress.

The reason given is that private orders were received from the president that he feared a crisis in Cuban matters and wanted the body to be ready to act at a moment's notice.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—On the desk of Mr. Allen (Neb.) at the opening of Saturday's session of the senate, was a stand of beautiful American beauty and bride roses. It was "a testimonial from ladies of the departments for your noble and brave defense of a woman's honor." Mr. Allen championed the cause of Mrs. M. E. Roberts, who was summarily dismissed from the pension office.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The president sent to the senate Saturday the nomination of Gov. Griggs, of New Jersey, to be attorney general, to succeed Judge McKenna, who was confirmed Friday as associate justice of the supreme court.

In the house Saturday Mr. Cannon (Utah) introduced a bill providing for the publication of the pension roll.

Mr. Gallinger (N. H.) offered an amendment to the pension appropriation bill, providing that hereafter no pension shall be paid on power of attorney from pensioners residing in foreign countries.

The resolution of Mr. Teller (Col.), providing that the bonds of the United States may be paid in silver dollars was then laid before the senate, and in accordance with notice given Friday Mr. Stewart (pop. Nev.) addressed the senate.

Snow Storm in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—The snow storm of Saturday night and Sunday morning was the worst in this city for years. The greatest damage as well as inconvenience was caused by the breaking down of telegraph and telephone wires. In this respect the damage was widespread.

British Warships Ordered to Leave. ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 24.—A semi-official communication purporting to emanate from London says that the British war vessels at Port Arthur have been ordered to leave there without delay.

NO AGREEMENT

Reached by the Joint Operators' and Miners' Conference—Several Propositions Advanced, But They Were Voted Down.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—After waiting upon the scale committee since Tuesday, the delegates to the interstate joint conference of bituminous coal operators and miners of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and the miners of West Virginia received a very unsatisfactory report. It was presented at Friday afternoon's session and embodied these propositions:

The adoption of the mine run or gross weight system, and the uniformity of hours of labor. No mention of an advance in wages was made.

The operators of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana had fought the adoption of a mine run system from the start, and the votes taken in committee, as reported to the convention, showed that they had stood as a unit in opposition to the plan. The report was accepted by the convention and its consideration seriatim was recommended. But it quickly became apparent that no progress could be made under the rules governing the convention which require an affirmative vote to carry any proposition. Finally the convention was resolved into a committee of the whole, and the first proposition embodied in the report, the mine run system (which is now being used in Illinois) was discussed under the five-minute rule. Operators and miners of Illinois and miners from all the other states favored the plan, but the operators of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana refused to consider the change. Finally a vote was taken on the motion to adopt the mine run and resulted: Ayes 24, nays 12. This vote, the chair ruled, was a defeat for the motion. President Rathford, in speaking to the motion made the remark that the miners would demand an increase of ten cents. He said he had suggested to the scale committee and would support in the convention, if it became necessary, a measure for the adoption of the double standard, whereby either the mine run or screen system could be used at the option of the operator. President Farms, of the Ohio Mine workers, also recommends this plan.

At the evening session, Operator Robbins, of Pennsylvania, presented a resolution embodying the adoption of a uniform screen in the competitive field of 1½ inch mesh, flat bar. This plan was discussed at length. Several amendments thereto were defeated and the motion went over. It is quite evident that it can not be put through, as a single objection will serve to defeat it.

How the parliamentary tangle into which the convention has been drawn will end, is a matter of much speculation. If the proceedings Friday afternoon and evening are any criterion the convention will be unable to agree upon any subject discussed. Patrick Dolan, leader of the miners in the Pittsburgh district, made repeated motions that the rules be suspended but was declared out of order. At the close of the evening session he called upon the miners to remain in the hall but President Rathford objected to the plan and withdrew.

SPANISH TROOPS

Routing by the Insurgents in the Province of Havana—Nestor Arangueren Gains a Brilliant Victory in a Fierce Engagement.

HAVANA, Jan. 22.—Nestor Arangueren, the young Cuban leader in Havana province, gained a brilliant victory in a fierce engagement Wednesday at the Louisa estate, near Havana. The Cubans numbered 850 men, and opposed to them was the Spanish battalion of Otumba.

The fight lasted six hours, and the battalion of Otumba was routed, and practically driven into Havana, leaving on the field over 100 killed, among them Maj. Joaquin Rodriguez Garcia, Capt. Jose Perez, of the Spanish forces was severely wounded.

As the Spanish forces entered Havana Thursday morning they presented a pitiful spectacle. A special train brought the wounded and the soldiers marched through the streets to their barracks, completely overcome by fatigue.

The Committee's Headquarters.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 22.—The headquarters of the executive committee of the monetary convention during the meeting will be in parlors B and C, Dennison house. The delegates will be received in parlor C. In parlor B will be clerks who will counter-sign the railroad tickets and issue the tickets and badges. The delegates will be expected to register as soon as they arrive. The list of delegates was increased Friday by 17.

Death of Ex-Justice Scott.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Jan. 22.—John M. Scott, ex-justice of the supreme court of Illinois, died Friday from the effects of a carbuncle. He was 75 years old. He was elected justice of the state supreme court in 1872 and held the position continuously 25 years. He was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln and David Davis. He was prominent in connection with the Scotch Irish association.

Tramps Horsewhipped.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., Jan. 22.—A young girl arrested here in male attire, accompanied by a tramp, gave her name as Bessie Plant, daughter of George Plant, of Centralia, Ill. She is held here in jail awaiting word from her father. A large number of tramps were horsewhipped out of town.

Frau Emilie Kempin Insane.

BERLIN, Jan. 22.—Frau Emilie Kempin has become insane. She passed an examination for doctor of law at Zurich in 1887, and afterward taught privately in America. Later she returned to Zurich and became a private tutor and proprietress of the Anglo-American law office.

The Deadlock Continues.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Jan. 22.—The following was the result of the sixth ballot on the senatorship taken at noon Friday: McComas, 43; Gorman, 40; Findlay, 2; Shryock, 2; Mullikin, 2; Barber, 1; Shaw, 1.

AN ANGRY MOB

Invaded and Pillaged the Jewish Quarter in Algiers on Sunday.

One Man Killed and Another Fatally Wounded—Many Arrests for Thefts Made—Jewish Stores Looted and Contents Thrown Into the Streets.

ALGIERS, Jan. 24.—Anti-Jewish riots were renewed here Sunday. The mob invaded the Jewish quarters and pillaged the shops in the Rue Babazoum, driving the Jewish merchants into the streets. A squadron of chasseurs were ordered to the scene and charged the mob with drawn swords, but the mob reformed further on, cheering for the army.

Revolvers and daggers were freely used. One man who was stabbed in the back and shot in the head died on the spot, many were seriously stabbed, one dying from his wounds at 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The crowd hearing of this, became dangerously excited, shouting "they are murdering us," "death to the Jews," and resumed pillaging.

The fronts of six shops were destroyed and the loot was burned. The police repeatedly charged the rioters, but were stubbornly resisted and were powerless to restore order until the troops arrived.

Several policemen were severely maltreated. Many arrests for the theft have been made. The Jewish authorities recommend their co-religionists to remain indoors. Both the men killed in the riot were Christians and their companions have sworn to avenge them. It is feared there will be further riots.

The belief that there would be further rioting was well founded. Disturbances and the looting of Jewish shops continued throughout the evening despite the efforts of the troops to quell disorders. At 10 o'clock Sunday night some Jewish flour stores were pillaged and their contents thrown into the streets. The zouaves then charged the crowd with fixed bayonets and dispersed it, many persons being injured.

At 11 o'clock the rioters reassembled on the quays and set fire to the Jewish spirit stores. Troops are being hurried to the spot. Already there have been 150 arrests. The maintenance of order has been entrusted to the military.

It is reported that serious rioting and pillaging took place at Mustapha, a suburb of the city, Saturday night. The Jewish shops were looted and a number of policemen injured. Troops were summoned, but order was not restored until 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Forty arrests were made.

A DINNER

In Honor of Gov. Griggs' Selection as Attorney General of the United States.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 24.—Gov. Griggs, in honor of his selection as attorney general of the United States, will be complimented by a dinner given by the members of his personal staff and



HON. JOHN W. GRIGGS.

state officials at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on either February 19 or 26. United States Senators Sewell and Smith and the New Jersey congressmen will be invited guests. Gov. Griggs on the occasion will receive a costly silver service.

The executive will resign as soon as he is confirmed as attorney general and Senator Voorheis will become acting governor.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Sixty Spectrum Photographs Taken by Prof. Lockyear at Rajapur.

BOMBAY, Jan. 24.—The eclipse of the sun was accompanied here by a rapid fall of temperature. An earthy smell pervaded the air and the scene resembled a landscape under a wintry English sun. The duration of totality was two minutes and with marvelous corana of pale silver and blue.

The conditions were favorable at both Prof. Norman Lockyear's camp, near Vizadroad (on the Malabar coast), and at Prof. Campbell's camp, near Jour.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—The Morning Post publishes a dispatch from Prof. Lockyear, from Rajapur, saying that 60 spectrum photographs were secured. Some of these have been already developed and are found to exhibit changes in the aspect of the chromosphere second by second at each of the four contacts. The dispatch says the weather was perfect and that Lord Graham's cinematograph work proved quite successful.

A Storm With Unusual Phenomena.

BOSTON, Jan. 23.—A severe storm attended by unusual phenomena, passed over New England Sunday, causing heavy rains in the southern portion, ten to twelve inches of snow in Maine and New Hampshire, and practically a tidal wave on the coast from Cape Cod to Portland.

Will Inherit Nearly a Million.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—By the death of Calista Maria Talbot, aged 81 years, which occurred at the Windsor hotel on Friday, her husband Dr. Ashton B. Talbot, now about 35 years of age, will inherit nearly a million dollars.

BEYOND BELIEF.

Henri Was Stuck on His New Brown Suit.

The lady in the railway car would have claimed undisputed recognition as the most overdressed person in any of the counties through which the train passed had it not been for her son. He was one of the weary-faced, scrupulously clad little people who afford support to the theory that poverty may be a comparative blessing to the very young. He did not look as if a genuine good time would fit him. The ambition to drill him into unflinching self-consciousness had met with obvious and pathetic success. He sat with his neck stretched out to keep from wrinkling his lace collar. The novel which his mother read was one of the most recent and ponderous. The title, in large gilt letters, was turned toward the aisle as she held it before her, turning the pages with suspicious infrequency. A mist had gathered on the pane, so that the boy could not look out of the window. Instinct was more powerful than culture, and before he thought he had taken his gloved finger and rubbed a round spot through which he could look with one eye. His mother fairly gasped with indignation.

"Henri!" she exclaimed. "Yes, ma'am." "You, bad child! How can you do such things?"

He made no reply, but penitently turned his back upon the mental luxury with which he had hoped to provide himself. But his mother evidently prided herself upon her achievements as a domestic disciplinarian. In a loud voice she commanded: "Now, you sit there perfectly quiet, and remember what I tell you. If you do anything like that again—"

As she paused to consider her threat the child gazed into her face with tense apprehension. "I'll open that window and toss you out and let the car run over you, so that all the wheels will cut you up in little bits of pieces!"

His eyes grew big with dread, and in tones of mingled incredulity and dismay he exclaimed: "Mamma! In my new brown suit?"—Washington Star.

What He Objected To.

Dr. Molar (kindly)—Now, does that hurt? Horsphiz—I don't mind you working on the tooth so much, if you would only keep your sleeve button out of my eye.—Roxbury Gazette.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

How many men there are who have the buttons off the backs of their coats.—Washington Democrat.

Sudden cold brings soreness and stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil brings a cure.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister.

Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the Gospel ministry. The strain put upon the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in a state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of an experience of his own which is profitable reading to those afflicted with Bronchitis or other throat troubles. The substance of the letter is as follows:

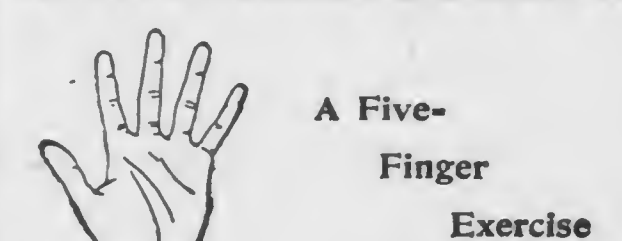
PETERSBURG, VA.

J. C. AYER CO.,
DEAR SIR: Three months ago I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very

difficult to preach, and concluded to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms. To ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Prevention is better than cure." A bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral kept in the house, will effectually prevent the rooting of a cold and its consequent development into some dangerous malady. This remedy has no equal in Bronchitis troubles. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its use. It is equally effective for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every disease that attacks the throat or lungs. For years Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up only in large size bottles, at a price of \$1.00. To meet an increasing demand for a smaller size package the remedy can now be obtained in half-size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and you will get a clearer idea of the great value of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Five-Pointed Discourse.



in reference to the Estey Organ. We will do as speakers do, make a point on each finger. If you want them all at once send to the

Estey Organ Co.,
Brattleboro, Vt.



LIVE STOCK CUTS.

We will furnish duplicates of LIVE STOCK CUTS in any other cut shown in any Specimen Book, at or below quoted prices for same. A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co. Electrotypers and Stereotypers. 335 W. Fifth St., CINCINNATI, O.

HOT SHOT.

J. T. Edwards

Hot Springs, Ark., writes: For 25 years I have used Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine for Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Dyspepsia and General Debility. It is perfectly harmless, and I think far superior to "Zellin's Liver Medicine" and "Bile Beans" in strength and action.

W. A. Yates

Willford, Ark., writes: Have used Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine 30 years in my family. It has cured cases of Enlargement of Liver and Spleen, Biliousness, Liver Torpidity, Nervous Headache, I find it far superior to "Zellin's Liver Medicine" and "Bile Beans" in strength and action.

Geo. W. Moody

San Antonio, Tex., writes: I am 70 years old past, and feel that my days have been lengthened by Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine, which cured me of Chronic Constipation of long standing. Have used it in my family 30 years for Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Kidney Troubles and Bowel Complaints. I took one dose of "Zellin's Liver Medicine" and some of the Slicks in it lodged in my throat, causing me to vomit and I took no more of it. I refer to any County Officer in Bandera County.

W. M. Simmons

Canton, Texas, writes: One Package Dr. M. A. Simmons' Liver Medicine cured me of Neuralgia and Palpitation of Heart. I tried Theodore's Black Draught, and it did no good.

1,000 COPIES OF "THE NEW AND TRUE

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION" 425 pages handsomely bound, brimful of new ideas on social ethics, political economy, how to be happy, sent free to 1000 young men, parents' certificate of obedience, industry, good habits and courtesy to others. C. N. STEWART, Marietta, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR LUNGS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY
A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

I suppose that it must have been an hour that we ascended, and what with my wounded ankle and the pain from my eye, and the fear lest this wound should have spoiled my good looks, I have made no journey to which I look back with less pleasure. I have never been a good climber at any time, but it is astonishing what you can do, even with a stiff ankle, when you have a copper-colored brigand at each elbow and a nine-inch blade within touch of your whiskers. We came at last to a place where the path wound over a ridge and descended upon the other side through thick pine trees into a valley which opened to the south. In time of peace I have little doubt that the villains were all smugglers and that these were the secret paths by which they crossed the Portuguese frontier. There were many mule tracks, and once I was surprised to see the marks of a large horse where a stream had softened the track. These were explained upon reaching a place where there was a clearing in the fir-wood. I saw the animal itself halted to a fallen tree. My eyes hardly rested upon it when I recognized the great black limbs and the white 'near the foreleg. It was the very horse which I had begged for in the morning.

What then had become of Commissariat Vidal? Was it possible that there was another Frenchman in as perilous a plight as myself? The thought had hardly entered my head when our party stopped and one of them uttered a peculiar cry. It was answered from among the brambles which lined the base of a cliff at one side of the clearing, and an instant later ten or a dozen more brigands came out from amongst them and the two parties greeted each other. The newcomers surrendered my friend of the bradawl with cries of grief and sympathy, and then turning upon me they brandished their knives and howled at me like the gang of assassins that they



TURNING UPON ME THEY BRANDISHED THEIR KNIVES.

were. So frantic were their gestures that I was convinced that my end had come, and was just bracing myself to meet it in a manner which should be worthy of my past reputation when one of them gave an order, and I was dragged roughly across the little glade to the brambles from which this new band had emerged.

A narrow pathway led through them to a deep grotto in the side of the cliff. The sun was already setting outside and in the cave itself it would have been quite dark but for a pair of torches which blazed from a socket on either side. Between them there was sitting at a rude table a very singular-looking person, whom I saw instantly, from the respect with which the others addressed him, could be none other than the brigand chief who had received, on account of his dreadful character, the sinister name of El Cuchillo. The man whom I had injured had been carried in and placed upon the top of a barrel, his helpless legs dangling about in front of him and his cat's eyes still darting glances of hatred at me. I understood from the snatches of talk which I could follow between the chief and him that he was the lieutenant of the band, and that part of his duties was to lie in wait, with his smooth tongue and his peaceful garb, for travelers like myself. When I thought of how many gallant officers may have been lured to their death by this monster of hypocrisy it gave me a glow of pleasure to think that I had brought his villainy to an end—though I feared it would be at the cost of a life which neither the emperor nor the army could well spare.

As the injured man, still supported on the barrel by two comrades, was explaining in Spanish all that had befallen him, I was held by several of the villains in front of the table at which the chief was seated, and had an excellent opportunity of observing him. I have seldom seen any man who was less like my idea of a brigand, and especially of a brigand with such a reputation that in a land of cruelty he had earned so dark a nickname. His face was bluff, and broad and bland, with ruddy cheeks and comfortable little tufts of side whiskers, which gave him the appearance of a well-to-do grocer of the Rue St. Antoine. He had not any of those flaring sashes or gleaming weapons which distinguished his followers, but on the contrary he wore a good broadcloth coat like a respectable father of a family, and save his brown leggings there was nothing to indicate a life among the mountains. His surroundings, too, corresponded with him.

self, and beside his snuff box upon the table stood a great brown book, which looked like a commercial ledger. Many other books were ranged along a plank between two powder casks, and there was a great litter of papers, some of which had verses scribbled upon them. All this I took in while he, leaning idly back in his chair, was listening to the report of his lieutenant. Having heard everything he ordered the cripple to be carried out again, and I was left with only three guards waiting to hear my fate. He took up his pen and, tapping his forehead with the handle of it, he pursued up his lips and looked out of the corner of his eyes at the roof of the grotto.

"I suppose," said he at last, speaking very excellent French, "that you are not able to suggest a rhyme for the word Covilha."

I answered that my acquaintance with the Spanish language was so limited that I was unable to oblige him. "It is a very rich language," said he, "but less prolific in rhymes than either the German or the English. That is why our best work has been done in blank verse, a form of literature which, as I need not remind a Frenchman, is capable of reaching great heights. But I fear that such subjects are somewhat outside the range of a hussar."

I was about to answer that if they were good enough for a guerrilla they could not be too much for the light cavalry, but he was already stooping over his half-finished verse. Presently he threw down the pen with an exclamation of satisfaction and declaimed a few lines which drew a cry of approval from the three ruffians who held me. His broad face blushed like a young girl who receives her first compliment.

"The critics are in my favor, it appears," said he. "We amuse ourselves in our long evenings by singing our own ballads, you understand; I have some little facility in that direction and I do not at all despair of seeing some of my poor efforts in print before long, and with 'Madrid' upon the title page too. But we must get back to business. May I ask what your name is?"

"Etienne Gerard."

"Rank?"

"Colonel."

"Corps?"

"The Third hussars."

"You are young for a colonel."

"My career has been an eventful one."

"Tut, that makes it the sadder," said he, with his bland smile.

I made no answer to that, but I tried to show him by my bearing that I was ready for the very worst which could befall me.

"By the way, I rather fancy that we have had some of your corps here," said he, turning over the pages of his big, brown register. "We endeavor to keep a record of our operations. Here is a heading under June 24. Have you not a young officer named Soubiron, a tall, slight youth with light hair?"

"Certainly."

"I see that we buried him upon that date."

"Poor lad!" I cried. "And how did he die?"

"We buried him."

"But before you buried him?"

"You misunderstand, colonel, he was not dead before we buried him."

CHAPTER III.

"You buried him alive?" For a moment I was too stunned to act. Then I lurched myself upon the man, as he sat, with that placid smile of his upon his lips, and I would have torn his throat out had the three wretches not dragged me away from him. Again and again I made for him, panting and cursing, shaking off this man and that, straining and wrenching, but never quite free. At last, with my jacket nearly torn off my back and the blood dripping from my wrists, I was hauled backwards in the bight of a rope and cords passed around my ankles and my arms.

"You sleek hound," I cried. "If ever I have you at my swordpoint I will teach you to maltreat one of my lads. You will find, you bloodthirsty beast, that my emperor has long arms, and though you lie here like a rat in its hole, the time will come when he will tear you out of it, and you and your vermin will perish together." My faith, I have a rough side to my tongue, and there was not a hard word that I had learned in fourteen campaigns which I did not let fly at him, but he sat with the handle of his pen tapping against his forehead and his eyes squinting up at the roof as if he had conceived the idea of some new stanza. It was this occupation of his which showed me how I might get my point into him. "You spawn," said I, "you think that you are safe here, but your life may be as short as that of your absurd verses, and God knows it could not be shorter than that."

Oh, you should have seen him bound from his chair when I had said the words. This vile monster, who dispensed death and torture as a grocer serves out figs, had one raw nerve which I could prod at pleasure. His face now grew livid and those little bourgeois side whiskers quivered and thrilled with his passion.

"Very good, colonel. You have said enough," he cried, in a choking voice. "You say that you have had a very distinguished career; I promise you also a very distinguished ending. Col. Etienne Gerard, of the Third hussars, shall have a death of his own."

"And I only beg," said I, "that you do not commemorate it in verse." I had one or two other little ironies to utter, but he cut me short with a furious gesture which caused my three guards to drag me from the cave.

Our interview, which I have told you as nearly as I can remember it, must have lasted some time, for it was quite dark when we came out, and the moon was shining very clearly in the heavens. The brigands had lighted a great fire of the dried branches of the fir trees; not of course for warmth, since the night was already very sultry, but to cook their evening meal. A huge copper pot hung over the blaze, and the rasals were lying all around in the yellow glare, so that the scene looked like one of those pictures which Junot stole out of Madrid. There are some soldiers who profess to care nothing for art and the like, but I have always been drawn toward it myself, in which respect I show my good taste and my breeding. I remember, for example, that when they were selling the plunder after the fall of Danzig, I bought a very fine picture called "Nymphs Surprised, in a Wood," and I carried it with me through two campaigns until my charger had the misfortune to put his hoof through it.

I only tell you this, however, to show you that I was never a mere rough soldier like Kapp or Lefebvre. As I lay in that brigands' camp I had little time or inclination to think about such matters. They had thrown me down under a tree, the three villains squatting round and smoking their cigarettes within hand's touch of me. What to do I could not imagine. In my whole



"COL. GERARD SHALL HAVE A DEATH OF HIS OWN."

career I do not suppose that I have ten times been in as hopeless a situation. "But courage," thought I, "courage, my brave boy, you were not made a colonel of hussars at twenty-eight because you could dance a cotillon. You are a picked man, Etienne, a man who has come through more than two hundred affairs and this little one is surely not going to be the last." I began eagerly to glance about for some chance of escape, and as I did so I saw something which filled me with great astonishment.

I have already told you that a large fire was burning in the center of the glade. What with its glare and what with its moonlight everything was as clear as possible. On the other side of the glade there was a single tall fir tree which attracted my attention because its trunk and lower branches were discolored, as if a large fire had recently been lit underneath it. A clump of bushes grew in front of it which concealed the base. Well, as I looked towards it I was surprised to see projecting above the bush, and fastened apparently to the tree, a pair of fine riding boots with the toes upwards. At first I thought that they were tied there, but as I looked harder I saw that they were secured by a great nail which was hammered through the foot of each. And then suddenly, with a thrill of horror, I understood that they were not empty boots, and moving my head a little to the right, I was able to see who it was that had been fastened there and why a fire had been lit beneath the tree. It is not pleasant to speak or think of horrors, my friends, and I do not wish to give any of you bad dreams to-night, but I cannot take you among the Spanish guerrillas without showing you what kind of men they were and the sort of warfare that they waged. I will only say that I understood why Monsieur Vidal's horse was waiting masterless in the grove, and that I hoped that he had met this terrible fate with spiritfulness and courage, as a good Frenchman ought.

It was not a very cheering sight for me, as you can imagine. When I had been with their chief in the grotto I had been so carried away by my rage at the cruel death of young Soubiron, who was one of the brightest lads who ever threw his thigh over a charger, that I had never given a thought to my own position. Perhaps it would have been more politic had I spoken the ruffian fair, but it was too late now. The cork was drawn and I must drain the wine. Besides, if the harmless commissariat man was put to such a death, what hope was there for me, who had snapped the spine of their lieutenant? No, I was doomed in any case, so it was as well, perhaps, that I should have put the best face on the matter. This beast could bear witness that Etienne Gerard had died as he had lived, and that one prisoner at least had not quailed before him. I lay there thinking of the various girls who would mourn for me, and of my dear old mother, and of the deplorable loss that I should be both to my regiment and to the emperor, and I am not ashamed to confess to you that I shed tears as I thought of the general consternation which my premature end would give rise to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His One Virtue.

The late Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, officiated at the funeral of one of Buffalo's notoriously rich and wicked citizens. After noting the deceased's parentage and date of birth, he closed his tribute by saying: "Our dead friend had one noble virtue. He always got up early in the morning."

COLLECTING BAD DEBTS IN INDIA

Creditor Sits on the Debtor's Step 2711
His Bill Is Paid.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts, but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Maharattas. At least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country, so they say, when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor; that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby in some mysterious way becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows the debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Maharattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "scindiah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the men who impose the ordeal, and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity, for our own laws still provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming, but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove staunch, for the average oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.—Boston Journal.

WHAT HIS PUBLISHER WANTED.

Only One Little Thing and He Would Be Perfectly Happy.

There is a Chicago writer who claims to have had all along the hardest luck of any follower of the muses now living. He began trying for literary honors at the age of 14. Soon after that time he determined to make writing his profession. With this end in view he toiled great pains to get himself a literary education. He neglected mathematics, economics, ethics and almost every other branch for belles lettres. While he was in school he contributed to the college paper with considerable success. After being graduated he looked about for some permanent newspaper connection. This he did not find so readily as he had expected. The field was overcrowded. However, as he had inherited means he did not mind waiting a little while. In the meantime, though, he determined to submit material regularly. He did this for a long while, but the forms continually closed without his productions. After a prolonged taste of this he gave up in despair, swearing that working for diurnal journals was a thankless task and a dog's life, anyway. He then tried to think visibly through the magazines. But here his offers were as ill-fated as before. At last, in a righteous rage, he vowed that if nobody else would print his stuff, he would publish it himself. His determination forced him into the necessity of writing a book. He cast about for something that he thought would sell well. He finally chose for his subject "A History of the Civil War." It was in six volumes. It took him two years and a half to finish it. Then he went looking for a publisher. When he found how much it would cost he almost concluded to allow it to remain in manuscript. However, he was itching for a little reputation, so he made a bargain with a publisher whereby the latter was to bear part of the expense.

A few days ago the first volume appeared. An old friend of his met him on the street and congratulated him. "Don't talk good fortune to me," he said to the latter. "I am in worse trouble than ever. I have had but one volume printed and now my publisher wants me to suppress parts of my work."

"What parts does he want you to suppress?" asked his friend.

"Well," was the reply, "he wants me to suppress the other five volumes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Where the Difference Lay.

One day last summer a gentleman at Plainfield, N. J., had notice served on him by his cook.

"Why do you leave?" he asked.

"It's too hot here for a Christian in summer."

"It's no hotter for you than it is for me," observed the employer. "Yet I have to stay."

"That's the difference between you and me," returned the cook. "I haven't."—Harlem Life.

Old Wooden Churches.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters, because they have been repeatedly coated with tar. Norway pine, thus treated, seems to best resist decay.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Choice of Evils.

Mamma (during a heavy thunder shower)—Now, Ruth, I shall have to go down and take care of the baby, but you must not be afraid, for remember that God is here and will take care of you! Ruth (calling down the stairs five minutes later)—You come up here, mamma, and stay with God, and I will come down and stay with the baby.—N. Y. Truth.

A Warning.
Don't hark back through the ages
For ancestors wise and great;
You might prove from history's pages
That you're a degenerate.
—Chicago Record.

WHAT SHE FOUND OUT.



Sallie—I looked through the keyhole last night when Sister Mary and Mr. Staylate were in the parlor.
Nellie—What did you find out?
Sallie—The gas.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The First Go-Off.
"I come here primed for work," he said.
We thought it time to hire him.
But when he loaded came, instead,
We thought it time to fire him.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Not at Home to Him Now.

She (arrayed for the theater)—Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mr. Spoonamore, but it has taken me longer than usual to get ready. I look like a fright in this hat, too.
He (vaguely desirous of saying something complimentary)—It isn't there—fault of that lovely hat, I am sure, Miss Hankinson.—Chicago Tribune.



JOHN BULL SOLILOQUIZES ON HIS OWN "SPLENDID ISOLATION."

"We don't want to fight—but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money, too."

A Definition.

"What is a snob?" asked Cadley, at the club.
"I must confess I really never knew."
"What is a snob?" quoth Cynicus. "Why, Cad,
To put it very briefly, you."
—Harlem Life.

Apt Suggestion.

Lady (apparently very nervous at bargain counter)—Oh, dear! I can't think of what I want.
Affable Clerk—You'd better go to the notion counter, madam.—Philadelphia Call.

A Paradox.

I've often heard it said,
And often seen,
That blackberries are red
When they are green.
—N. Y. Journal.

Left in Bad Shape.

"I see your son has turned out an artist, Mr. Gibbs. How did that happen?"
"I dunno, sor, his mother thinks he was left that way by the measles."—N. Y. Truth.

If He But Could.

If I could garner wisdom
From each foolish thing I've done
I'd be the wisest mortal
That walks beneath the sun.
—Town Topics.

Needs of Cooperation.

"The meek, you know, are to inherit the earth."
"That's all right, but they will have to get the cheeky to collect it for them."
—Chicago Record.

He Wasn't Sure.

"Is your picture in the academy a success?"
"That's what I am wondering. Someone said it was worth the price of admission."
—Tit-Bits.

The First Attempt.

The parson gayly mounted his bike,
And immediately fell on his head;
His sense of humor it seemed to strike.
"Here ends the first lesson," he said,
—N. Y. World.

An Opinion.

Edith—Jack says his father threatens to disinherit him.
Marie—That is a mere bluff to make you think his father has money.—Puck.

A Real Help-Mate.

"When she married him, he was a poor young oculist, but she's helped him greatly."
"By economizing?"
"No. By carrying her umbrella over her shoulder all the time."—Harlem Life.

The Bad Boy Again.

Tommy (at the dinner-table)—Mr. Johnson, are you blind?
Mr. Johnson—No, my boy. Why do you ask?
Tommy—Why, nothin', only sister said you'd get your eyes opened if you married that Grinder girl.—Tit-Bits.

No Cause for Worry.

Junior—I wonder where and under what circumstances I shall meet the woman who will be my wife?
Senior—Don't worry about that, my dear fellow; the women will attend to those little matters.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chippis (looking up from the paper)—The doctors have discovered another new disease.
Mrs. Chippis—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.
—N. Y. Weekly.

Have to Be That Kind.

Blump—Are you one of those sticklers who'd call a fellow who happened to be a friend of us both, a "common" friend?
Plump—Yes, he'd have to be infernally common, don't you see, if he stood in that relationship to you.—Up-to-Date.

Nearer the Truth.

"How sad that man looks," sighed Mrs. Tibbets. "Poor fellow, he has, no doubt, loved and lost."
"More likely," responded Tibbets, sarcastically, "he's loved and got her."—N. Y. Journal.

It Rocked.

Gobang—What sort of a trip did you have coming from Europe?
Ukerdek—Awful. Sick all the time. There must have been at least a dozen of the fools who rock a boat on board.—Town Topics.

Evident.

"When I call on old Dandelion's daughter she's so sauntily and pure and demure that I feel like a fish out of water."
"Then you must have been hooked, that is sure."
—Judge.



JOHN BULL SOLILOQUIZES ON HIS OWN "SPLENDID ISOLATION."

"We don't want to fight—but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money, too."

A Wife's Devotion.

Young Husband—My dear, some of my garments are sadly in need of buttons.
Young Wife—Yes, my love, I noticed that and have sent for my mother. She is a splendid hand at sewing on buttons.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Mortally Injured Yet.

Awkward Miss (with an umbrella)—Beg pardon!
Polite Gentleman—Don't mention it. I have another eye left!—Odds and Ends.

The Hunt for Unhappiness.

'Tis folly to be wise
Where ignorance is bliss,
But suspicious women who
Search their husband's pockets through
Never think, alas, of this!
—Chicago Daily News.

THE MALE FLIRT.



"Do you know him, Katie?"
"Yes! And the idea of his flirting like that when he knows I know he's engaged."—N. Y. World.

Ended in Marriage.

Mr. Peck—What is that book you are reading, my dear?
Mrs. Peck—It's a novel entitled: "A Fatal Flirtation."
Mr. Peck—Something like ours, I presume.—Chicago News.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER, }

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Displays, one dollar per inch for first insertion; half rates each insertion thereafter.
Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line each insertion.
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line-rates.
Obituaries, cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of a like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly orders.

Gov. Bradley wants the Legislature to take six companies of State guards to the launching of the battleship Kentucky.

GEN. CLAY threatens to prosecute lying correspondents for writing fake stories about his child wife. A defenceless public wishes him success.

ACTS have been introduced in the Legislature concerning geese, turkeys, ducks and quail. The pestiferous English sparrow is being sadly neglected. Here's a subject for the friends of the Lindsay resolution.

Legislative Notes.

Gov. Bradley will entertain the Legislature, the courts, newspaper men and others invited at a lunch at the Capital House to-morrow night. The entertainment will be interspersed with some good humored speeches from the legislators and others.

The bill to raise the age of consent from twelve to sixteen has been killed.

Representative Harry Pulliam's bill for the better protection of hotel, inn and boarding-house-keepers, was passed Saturday.

KENTUCKY'S tollgate system which has suffered so much at the hands of the midnight raiders, last week received another blow near its solar plexus. Representative Wilson, of Jessamine, has introduced a bill to make it illegal for tollgate keepers to keep a bulldog.

Representative S. Atwood Smith, of Louisville, will introduce a bill in the House to-day prohibiting the making of any sort of contracts payable in any specified coin. The bill will be practically a duplicate of the Nebraska anti-gold contract law which was written by W. J. Bryan.

Mr. Walker, of Crittenden, presented a petition signed by 1,600 citizens of the State, asking the Legislature to pass a law to prohibit Sunday baseball playing.

The bill to prohibit the marriage in Kentucky of first cousins will be killed in the Senate.

CARLISLE.

News Culled From Nicholas County Precincts.

From the Mercury.

Geo. F. Hines, the young man arrested here Thursday night, charged with trying to steal a horse and buggy from Harper Bros., livermen of Mt. Sterling, is now in jail at Lexington on a charge of grand larceny. He is alleged to have stolen clothing, money and jewelry from a boarding house in Lexington before he went to Mt. Sterling. Hines cut a wide swath in Winchester and Mt. Sterling, and when captured Sunday at Huntington had on the clothing obtained in Lexington. Hines is said to be a son of the Captain of the Clifton Fire Department at Cincinnati.

Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Mr. Loud's Pet Measure.

CONGRESSMAN LOUD, of California, has again introduced his bill to regulate the rates of postage on newspapers and periodicals, and it is once more under serious consideration by the House. This bill has been defeated at several former sessions of Congress, but its author still urges it with a persistency worthy of a better cause.

Mr. Loud's bill is intended to remove the annual deficiency in the Postal Department by charging a higher rate of postage to certain classes of publications, and placing restrictions upon all publishers.

Under its provisions sample copies which publishers have heretofore been entitled to send through the mails at 1 cent per pound can only be sent at 1 cent per copy. This measure will undoubtedly decrease the quantity of mail matter of this nature, but will it result in a sufficient gain to the Government to warrant this curtailing of the publisher's right to increase his circulation by a judicious use of sample copies, especially when the existing law, if properly enforced, is sufficiently stringent to prevent an abuse of the privilege and the sending of an excessive quantity of samples?

If Mr. Loud honestly wishes to bring the Postal Department to a point where receipts will equal the expenses, there is a way to do it without legislation, against a useful class of publications, or hedging a publisher in with a complicated law, which may be interpreted to his detriment by any postal official who may not be friendly to him, or of the same political faith.

The railroads are charging the Government exorbitant sums for the transportation of mails—much more than they charge to the express companies for the same quality of service. It has been estimated that if the Government were to pay the same rates as the express companies, a saving of from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 per annum would result. As the annual deficit is about \$8,000,000, it is quite plain that such a step as this would make the Department more than self-sustaining.

Where the express companies pay about 1 cent per pound to the railroads for hauling their packages, the Government pays 8 cents per pound for the same service. Here is discrimination with vengeance, and a condition of affairs worthy of Mr. Loud's careful attention. There is but one way for the people to express their disapproval of the proposed measure. Let every man who is opposed to it send his protest on a postal card or by letter to the congressman who represents his district and to the senators who represent the State. By this method our law makers will speedily become convinced that their constituents are opposed to such a system of false economy. Let every man who objects to the bill take this method of expressing his opinion, at once, and the Loud Bill will never become a law.—[Exchange.]

SCINTILLATIONS.

An Interesting Jumble Of News And Comment.

Last year 'twas threats of shedding blood
That choked our Legislative mills;
But this year 'tis a ceaseless flood
Of bills, and bills, and bills, bills, bills.
Winchester is said to have seven
"blind tigers."

J. L. Pruitt, aged about sixty-five, of Lincoln county, is an expert cyclist.

Miss Taba Campbell, of Pike county, hung herself on account of a love disappointment.

A girl tramp, in male attire, was arrested at Elizabethtown. She was with twenty hoboes.

Prof. Sam Lee, a Lexington musician, will go to Klondike in the spring with a party of Lexington boys.

The U. S. battleship Maine was yesterday ordered to Havana. It is not considered a warlike movement by the Spaniards.

Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, who is spending the winter with his family at the Sanibel Islands, off the coast of Florida, is writing a book.

Wilson Hunt and Samuel Petro, prominent farmers near Crawfordville, Ind., lost \$1,600 on a gold brick investment. Hunt now uses the brick as a foot-warmer.

Five hundred citizens have petitioned the City Council of Owensboro to prohibit the sale of cigarettes, and the Council has ordered the City Attorney to prepare an ordinance.

Dick Tata, Kentucky's defaulting treasurer, who has been missing seven years, is legally dead if not actually so. The courts have forced a life insurance company to pay \$4,100 of a \$5,000 policy on his life.

A C. S. express train ran into an open switch Sunday morning at Burgin, near Danville. The engine, baggage car, four coaches and four sleepers were derailed, but no person was seriously injured.

The new Natural Science building of the Kentucky State College was dedicated at Lexington Friday night. The Legislators and State officials were present and the program included addresses by Prof. J. K. Patterson, Gov. Bradley, State Senator Bronston, Prof. J. M. Coulter and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c. a day. A night draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

Modern Treatment of Consumption

The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as specifics for consumption."

Scott's Emulsion

contains the best cod-liver oil in a partially digested form, combined with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. This remedy, a standard for a quarter of a century, is in exact accord with the latest views of the medical profession. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists: 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

W. S. Anderson,

Of Peck, P. O. Pike, Co., O., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

To the Wright Medical Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentle—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Waverly, O., and used them for stomach trouble and Constipation. I was unable to do anything for myself for nearly two years. I have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.

Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, O., for trial size, free.

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUFF.

Of Murry, Ind., Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Murry, Ind., Sept 17, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MEDICAL CO., Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Last spring I purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from L. C. Davenport, druggist, Bluffton, Ind., and used them for stomach trouble with which I had been afflicted for more than 15 years. Since taking your Capsules I have lost all trace of pain and my stomach is entirely well. I can eat anything and can truthfully say that I have not felt better in years.

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LAURA WEISHAUFF.

Sold by W. T. Brooks at 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

HOW TO FIND IT

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stands thus it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you used a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention The Paris (Ky.) News and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. (24ap-1mo)

GETTING READY

Every expectant mother has a trying ordeal to face. If she does not



Nature is not given proper assistance.

Mother's Friend

is the best help you can use at this time. It is a liniment, and when regularly applied several months before baby comes, it makes the advent easy and nearly painless. It relieves and prevents "morning sickness," relaxes the overstrained muscles, relieves the distended feeling, shortens labor, makes recovery rapid and certain without any dangerous after-effects. Mother's Friend is good for only one purpose, viz.: to relieve motherhood of danger and pain.

\$1 dollar per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

For a free book, containing valuable information for women, will be sent to any address upon application to

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

Adulterated Flour.

It is now generally acknowledged that many unscrupulous millers mix corn flour, corn starch, and the refuse of sugar refineries with their flour in order to enhance their profits. Some of these ingredients are positively injurious as food, and contain no nutritive properties whatsoever. We do not wish as yet to mention names, but it has been proved by competent analysis that more than one mill selling flour in Paris has been detected in selling bleached flour.

We unhesitatingly guarantee that every sack of flour, of whatever grade, that goes from our mill is pure wheat flour product. Our mill is open to inspection at any time and we have no machinery for making bleached flour as many mills have.

If you want to be sure that you are buying good, pure, wholesome flour, buy that made by us which is sold by all leading grocers.

PARIS MILLING CO.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 15c. (10 doses 10c) large size 50c. and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky. (1Jan-1m)

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG are offering surprising bargains in men's and boy's stylish shoes. The prices are right. (tf)

Wright's

tion, sick

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$20,000,000. (tf)

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

Suffered 20 Years.



MRS. MARY LEWIS, wife of a prominent farmer, and well known by all old residents near Belmont, N. Y., writes: "For twenty-seven years I had been a constant sufferer from nervous prostration, and paid large sums of money for doctors and advertised remedies without benefit. Three years ago my condition was alarming; the least noise would startle and unnerve me. I was unable to sleep, had a number of sinking spells and slowly grew worse. I began using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve and Nerve and Liver Pills. At first the medicine seemed to have no effect, but after taking a few bottles I began to notice a change; I rested better at night, my appetite began to improve and I rapidly grew better, until now I am as nearly restored to health as one of my age may expect. God bless Dr. Miles' Nerve."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

OPTICIAN

L. H. Landman, M. D.,
Of No. 503 W. Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Will be at the Windsor Hotel, Paris, Ky.,

T SATURDAY, FEB. 8TH, 1898, returning every second Tuesday in each month.

Optician Landman has been visiting this city regularly for over five years, and has adjusted glasses to the eyes of the best people of Paris and Bourbon County, and has proven himself competent, thorough, reliable and honest.

You can get Landman's glasses from Clark & Clay's drug store, between his visits, and when he makes his regular visit he will examine your eyes thoroughly and make any change necessary to give satisfaction. Examination free.

REFERENCES.—Drs. W. & J. Fithian, Eads, Buck, Fithian & Bowen, and C. D. Cram, of Paris.

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A NEW CARPET

THIS SPRING?

My 1898 Line Of

CARPETS

Are equal if not superior to any shown in Kentucky. Make your selection now and get choice of a beautiful assortment.

You will find the line of

1898 WALL PAPERS

Match the carpets beautifully, and I can show you the best made in price, quality, beauty and workmanship. Special prices on contract work. Persons anticipating having any papering done will do well to get my prices before the busy season commences.

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Mouldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

J. T. HINTON

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

FRESH GROCERY STOCK. NEWT. MITCHELL,

THE POPULAR GROCER.

Is daily displaying an extra choice line of Special Fancy groceries, etc. Below is mentioned some of the standard and select stock. If you want good goods, you will find just that sort at my store. I will be pleased to fill your order and assure you the very best goods to be had.

EVAPORATED FRUITS: Peaches, Prunes, Apricots, Pears.

Clamagnot's French Peas, Bligny's Salmon Sardines

Pearl Hominy, Rice, Oat Meal, Roller Oats.

Olives, Capers, Chow Chow, Tabasco Sauce.

Edam Cheese, N. Y. Cream Cheese, Pineapple Cheese.

Imported Macaroni, Domestic Macaroni

Pure Buckwheat Flour. Pure Maple Syrup.

Nancamp Pork and Beans. Nancamp Tomato Catsup.

Choice Celery. Baltimore Oysters.

ISGRIG TURKEYS.

Finest Chocolate Candies.

Mixed and Stick Candies.

Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Cream Nuts.

Loose Muscatel Raisins. London Layer Raisins. Seedless Raisins. Citron, Figs, Dates.

NEWTON MITCHELL, THE GROCER,

Main St., adjoining Northern Bank. - - - - - PARIS, KY.

GEO. W. DAVIS

— DEALER IN —
Furniture, Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Carpets, Mattresses, Etc.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Repairing.

MAIN STREET. - - - - - PARIS, KY.

New Laundry Agency.

I HAVE secured the agency for the Winchester Power Laundry—a first-class institution—and solicit a share of the public patronage. Work or orders left at Clarke & Clay's drug-store will receive immediate attention. Work called for and delivered promptly. Respectfully,
BRUCE HOLLADAY.

GO TO Buck and Bill's Barber Shop

For first-class work. Three first-class barbers. All work done strictly first-class. Next door to Bourbon Bank. (4Nov-1f)

Telephones For Sale.

Two good telephones, good for distance of 500 miles. Will sell cheap. Can be used in the country. Apply to THE NEWS office for particulars. (3t)

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.)

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 [Six months.....\$1.00]
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.
Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Frank & Co. will put on sale Wednesday, January 26th, 2,500 yards of Hamburg, at ten cents a yard. These goods were carried over from last season and formerly sold from fifteen to forty cents a yard. Don't miss the sale.

SATURDAY was the Chinese New Year.

FLEISCHMANN'S compressed yeast, at McDermott & Spears.

BUY your carpets now. J. T. Hinton has best and cheapest line. (tf)

WM. G. MAKESON was yesterday appointed postmaster at Kiserston.

GEO. GREGORY, of this city, is keeping bar at the Emery Hotel, in Cincinnati.

MR. HENRY ISHIG and family have moved into the residence on Mt. Airy avenue, lately vacated by Rev. Frank Hallam.

Dr. Francis P. Campbell has moved to the house on High street that he purchased of the O'Connor estate. He has built a stable, graded a driveway, and made other improvements.

I MAKE a specialty of manufacturing all kinds of hair goods, and am prepared to make-over braids at a low cost. All my work is in up-to-date styles. (lt) MRS. M. A. PATTON.

CONDUCTOR KIRBY's train was about four hours late in reaching Maysville on account of a small landslide between Carlisle and Myers, and by rocks falling on the track near Maysville Saturday night.

THE Board of Tax Supervisors of Bourbon County, which has been in session for sixteen days, will finish its work to-day. The increase over last year's assessment will not be large, it is understood.

KID LEFEBER is here to finish training for his contest with Heller, Thursday night. Heller will arrive tomorrow. Brooks and Parker are training steadily for their match.

J. W. BACON, who is visiting his brother, Otis Bacon, at Wichita Falls, Texas, writes that he and two friends killed seven wild turkeys and fifty wild geese during a short hunting trip in Indian Territory.

THE gross earnings of the Louisville and Nashville railroad for the second week in January show an increase of \$29,570 as compared with the same period of last year. The increase is principally in the freight department.

THE NEWS regrets that Mrs. Parriss, nee Miss Willie Earleywine, wife of Geo. N. Parriss, of the Reporter, is in a very serious condition. Her physician recommends absolute quiet and that no visitors be admitted to her room.

MISS MARGARET INGELS, of this city, who resigned her position as leading lady of "Rook's Players" to become a candidate for State Librarian announces through an interview in the Lexington Argonaut, that she has retired from the stage.

THE second lecture of the series to be delivered at the Methodist church by Prof. Edwin Sparks, of Chicago University, under the auspices of the Paris Literary Club will be given Friday night. The subject will be "Samuel Adams." Prof. Sparks' first lecture delivered here ten days ago, was a fine effort.

THE Monday Night Literary Club held a pleasant meeting last night at Mr. W. O. Hinton's, on High street. The program was as follows: Quotation from Thomas Bailey Aldrich; paper, "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," Miss Sadie Hart; selection from "Marjorie Dew," Miss Mary Irvine Davis; paper "Life of George Williams Curtis," Miss Etta McClintock; selection from "Prue and I," Miss Mamie McClintock; criticism of "Potiphar Papers," Rev. E. B. Mann; discussion, Aldrich and Curtis.

A Small Boy's Accident.

JAMES BROWN, JR., of Winchester street, son of James Brown, who went to Alaska last fall, met with a serious accident yesterday afternoon while playing with some powder and dynamite caps. He put them in a bottle and applied a match, and the explosion badly mangled three fingers of his right hand, tore his coat sleeve, burned his eyes and singed off his eye-brows.

COMFORTS and blankets at your own prices, at J. T. Hinton's. (lt)

Federation of Paris Clubs.

CLUB life grows apace in Paris judging by the interest manifested and the far-reaching benefits derived from the workings of the organizations. Friday night representatives of the Literary and Musical Clubs met at Mrs. Minnie Wilson's and formed a federation, electing Mrs. Florence Lockhart President, Mr. J. M. Brennan Vice President, Miss Clara Bacon Secretary, and Miss Mary Layton Treasurer.

The meeting was, in Literary and Musical features, one of the most instructive and entertaining of the season. The program included an overture (from William Tell) by Misses Nannie Wilson and Mattie Lilleston, of the Musical Club; an excellent paper on "Emerson's Nature and American Schools," by Mr. Albert Hinton, of the Monday Night Literary Club; quaint sketches from the classics in Miss Rena Bacon's paper on "Women of Grecian History," a fine paper by Mrs. James Kennedy on "The Ethics of The Beautiful," sweet vocal selections by Mrs. F. J. Cheek and Mrs. Chas. Mebagen, the former singing "Happy Childhood," by Mozart, and the latter rendering "Ave Maria," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and a most instructive and entertaining paper on "The Women Poets of The Victorian Era," by Mrs. Albert Harrison, of Lexington, late President of the "Woman's Club of Central Kentucky."

If you are going to have any papering done get my prices on contract work. Big stock. J. T. HINTON. (lt)

Lafaber and Heller.

KID LAFEBER and Lou Heller, the two well-known light weights, are to meet in a fifteen-round contest before the Paris Athletic Club, Thursday night at the opera house. These two pugilists met here in November under the auspices of the Paris Athletic Club, and Lafaber was declared the winner after 14 rounds of the best contest ever witnessed in Central Kentucky. Both of the contestants are in active training, and will come to the mark in the very best possible fettle.

There will be two interesting preliminaries. Warren Brooks and Eddie Parker, both of Paris, will go on for 15 rounds. There will also be a battle royal between five local boxers, making in all a strong bill that the Paris Athletic Club will give its patrons.

Tickets are now on sale at Brook's drug store.

Fancy shirts at 75 cents to close, worth \$1, at Price & Co's. They are winter styles, and Price & Co. want to make room for the Spring styles.

Watch For This Fellow.

A SLICK stranger who claims to be a newspaper man delegated to write biographical sketches of leading citizens is swindling merchants and professional men in the cities of Central Kentucky. In this city he claimed to represent the Cynthiana Democrat, and collected money for extra papers containing the sketch which he proposed to write. In Winchester he claimed to be an agent of THE BOURBON NEWS but had his game blocked by two prominent citizens who queried THE NEWS by telephone about the stranger. At Mt. Sterling the man used the name of the Winchester Democrat to further his scheme. He is a rank impostor.

More Mormon Missionaries.

THE Mormons are evidently anxious to secure Bluegrass converts to their faith. During the past month no less than six Mormon missionaries have attempted to hold services in Bourbon and Harrison counties, but they have only been permitted to preach at one place—in North Middletown. Elder Tolman and Woodruff were recently refused the use of the Paris court house, and Friday Elders Thornley and Croshaw were refused the Cynthiana court house. Thornley and Croshaw are now trying to get the use of country churches in Harrison.

W. H. Davis' Accident.

MR. W. H. DAVIS, of this city, who is a prominent member of the "Fast Mail" Company (Eastern), fell at Elizabeth, New Jersey, Tuesday and broke one of his arms and sprained the other. Dr. T. F. Livengood, of Elizabeth, writes that he set Mr. Davis' arm and that he is being well taken care of by his roommate. Mr. Davis rejoined the "Fast Mail" company at Newark, and may be able to resume his part in the cat-in-a-fortnight. His many friends in Paris regret his misfortune.

January Rainfall.

MR. H. F. HILLENMEYER, of Lexington, says that the rainfall in twenty-four days this month is 4.46 inches, which is greater than that of any full month of January in the past thirty-one years. The average January rainfall is 3.88 inches. Mr. Hillenmeyer says his observation has been that with the exception of one year, an excessive January rainfall is followed by heavy rains in February.

OYSTERS, celery, fresh cakes and crackers, neworghum molasses, New York cream cheese. NEWTON MITCHELL. (lt)

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Mrs. J. M. Rion has been confined to her room for a fortnight.

—Mrs. Ernest Exon and babe are visiting relatives in Cincinnati.

—Mr. W. R. Thomas left yesterday for a business trip to Seattle, Wash.

—Mrs. F. W. Houston, of North Middletown, continues to be quite ill.

—Hon. J. H. Lapsley, of Harrodsburg is the guest of son, Dr. F. L. Lapsley.

—Prof. E. W. Weaver was in Cincinnati and Newport Saturday and Sunday.

—A. P. Allis, of this city, was registered Saturday at the St. James, in New York.

—Miss Annie Moore returned yesterday to Shawhan after a visit to Miss Kate Jameson.

—Mrs. Hugh Montgomery and Miss Emma Scott entertained the D. A. R., Friday afternoon.

—Miss Josephine Brown and Annie Lanckart, of Lexington, were guests of Miss Flora Hill, Sunday.

—Mr. E. F. Clay, Jr., and bride have returned from a trip to New Orleans and other points in the South.

—Miss Anna Lee Talbott, who has been ill at Hamilton College, arrived home yesterday to spend a few days.

—Miss Bessie Woodford arrived home yesterday from Frankfort, where she was the guest of the Misses Hazellrigg.

—Miss Louie Bruer, who has been visiting in Cincinnati, will visit friends in Maysville before returning to Paris.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spears have returned from their wedding trip to Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

—Mr. Joe B. Parnell and son, Master Reynolds Parnell, of Bowling Green, Mo., are guests of Judge W. M. Parnell and family.

—Mrs. Newt. Mitchell gave a Dutch supper to about a dozen guests Saturday night in honor of her sisters, Misses Hallie and Katherine Gay, of Woodford county.

—Miss Bessie I. Rogers has returned to her home at Hutchison from Montgomery, Ala., where she has been visiting relatives. She was called home on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. John I. Rogers.

—Miss Carrie Frank, who recently gave a handsome euchre party and a merry Dutch supper in honor of Miss Hallie Mathews, of Louisville, will give a "Progressive Dinner Party" Friday evening in compliment to Miss Mathews.

New percales, cheviots, madras, lawns and ginghams, at Frank & Co's.

LANGDON'S reception flakes, at McDermott & Spears.

Engagements of Auctioneer A. T. Forsyth.

Jan. 25—C. Arnsperger, Admr. of Thos. Rorer, stock, crop, etc., near Paris.

Jan. 27—Lee Cox, house and lot, near Elizabeth.

Feb. 1—J. T. Pritchard, farm, stock and furniture.

Feb. 7—Master Commissioner, land sales, etc.

Feb. 16—C. M. Thomas, admr. of Geo. Thomas, land, stock, crop, ect

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG have in school-children's shoes extra good values for very little money. Try them.

TO LOAN—\$3,500. Will lend in sums of \$1,000 and upwards. Address F., THE NEWS office. (2t)

New crop currents, raisins, citron peaches, prunes, apricots, hominy, oat meal, rolled oats. (lt) NEWTON MITCHELL.

THE Northwestern is carrying nearly \$1,000,000 insurance on the lives of Bourbon County's representative citizens. Call on R. P. Dow, Jr., for particulars. (26cc-8t)

We are offering some choice ladies' misses, and children's shoes at special prices. Don't fail to take advantage of the offer.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG

Launching of The Battleship Kentucky.

For the launching of the battleship Kentucky at Newport News, Va., the Chesapeake & Ohio railway will make the following low round-trip rates from points named. From Lexington, \$12; Winchester, \$12; Mt. Sterling, \$12; Paris, \$12; Frankfort, \$12.75; Richmond, \$12.75; Lancaster, \$13; Sta. ford, \$13.25.

Correspondingly low rates from all other Central Kentucky points.

Reduced rates have been made at the hotels at Newport News and at Old Point Comfort, which is only a few miles distant and connected by electric car service.

No other trip ever offered as many soul-stirring events as does this one.

People from inland Kentucky have the rare opportunity of witnessing combined army and navy life at the most historic spot in the United States.

Think of the great events associated with this place: The landing of the Jamestown settlers, the Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith incident, Cornwallis surrendering his British forces, the battle of the Monitor and Merrimack, and last, but in the same class, the launching of the most powerful battleship in our navy and it will be called "Kentucky." Think of it!

As soon as the date of launching is settled on, it will be given wide publicity in the papers. Make your plans. Through sleepers will run from Lexington. For detailed information write or call on any agent or Geo. W. Barney, District Passenger Agent, Lexington, Ky.

High Waters.

THE continuous rain last week caused every stream in Bourbon to overflow its banks, and Stoner, Houston and Hinkston were higher than they have been for years.

Saturday night Houston was running through the foot-bridge in this city, and several families in Ruckerville were forced by the rising water to vacate their houses. In one of these houses were two children ill of typhoid fever, and one almost died of fright before he could be moved into another house. A frame house in this village was moved from its foundation, but was prevented from floating away.

Licking river rose a foot an hour Saturday at Cynthiana and did great damage to wheat crops in bottom lands near that place.

At Frankfort Saturday the Kentucky river rose a foot an hour and people along the lowlands moved out.

Dix river rose sixteen inches an hour, and the Danville Water Works pumping station was almost inundated. Georgetown was in darkness, owing to the flooding of the electric light plant.

TRY our Bromaungton—the most delicious dessert jelly ever produced. McDermott & Spears.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

Edward Mercer, of Louisville, deserted Miss Fannie Witherspoon on their wedding day.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Washington, was married Saturday to Mrs. Elora McCutcheon Collier, of Allegheny City, Pa.

Mrs. Geo. Seamen, sixty, left a husband and four children at Belaire, W. Va., and eloped with Willie Wallace, twenty-one.

New Hamburgs, laces, white goods, and linens of all kinds, at Frank & Co's.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Mrs. Mary Shillito, eighty-one, wife of the noted Cincinnati dry goods merchant, died Sunday night.

Ex-Chief Justice Thomas H. Hines, one of Kentucky's most distinguished sons, died Sunday morning at his home in Frankfort. The funeral took place in Frankfort yesterday afternoon. The remains were taken to Bowling Green for interment. Judge Hines was a Captain in Gen. John Morgan's brigade during the civil war, and one of the most daring and successful officers in that famous command.

UNDER GOD'S broiled mackerel in tomato sauce. McDermott & Spears.

Yesterday's Temperature.

The following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.27
8 a. m.30
9 a. m.31
10 a. m.34
11 a. m.37
12 m.37
2 p. m.38
3 p. m.39
4 p. m.42
5 p. m.42
7 p. m.39

Insure in the Northwestern to day to-morrow may be too late.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25c at druggists.

THE Northwestern's dividends to policy-holders are unequalled, and to procure Northwestern dividends you must carry Northwestern insurance. tf

DELINQUENT TAXES.

All persons who have not paid their poll-tax for 1897 are notified to call at the Sheriff's office and settle same and save costs. (18jan-4t) JOS. WILLIAMS, C. B. C.

NOTICE.

Will not be responsible for any debts unless written order from me

S. BROOKS CLAY,

Supervisor of Public Roads.

(8jan-1t)

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against C. F. Clay, deceased, will present the same, properly proven according to law, to the undersigned Administrators.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to C. F. Clay, deceased, will please settle promptly with the Administrators.

B. J. & S. B. CLAY, Administrators of C. F. Clay, deceased. (11jan-4wk)

Insure your property against fire, wind and lightning in the Hurst Home Insurance Co., a safe and reliable company.

O. W. MILLER, Agent, Hutchison, Ky.

YOUR SHOES

Should be entirely weather proof at this season. It is false economy to wear shoes that do not keep your feet dry and comfortable—you can't afford it. We have just arranged a special-value sale of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, and also Men's and Boy's Shoes—at low-down prices. Our January invoice revealed that we have too many shoes and this fact will prove greatly to your advantage—if you will call immediately.

Davis, Thomson & Isgrig.

Special Sale of Something New

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 28 AND 29,

We make a SPECIAL SALE of

NEW EMBROIDERIES, INDIA LINENS, NAINSOOKS, TABLE LINENS and Napkins.

These goods are not odds and ends but new, fresh goods. Our embroideries we imported ourselves for this Spring's trade, direct from St. Gall and Herisaw, Switzerland, at a price 25 to 40 per cent. below New York Importers.

We can, and will, show you some rare bargains in this sale. A sale of this kind has never been made before in Paris, where an entire new importation has been thrown on the market at such low prices as these goods will be offered.

No old stock, everything new and fresh. Ladies are invited to call and see these goods whether they buy or not.

G. TUCKER.

CONDON'S

SURPRISE SPECIAL SALE!

To close out all Winter goods during the next 30 days we will sell everything in stock at prices less than cost.

Dress Goods, formerly 75c and \$1.00 per yard, at 39c, embracing fancy weaves, broadcloths, novelties and whipcord diagonal serges. Table linens and napkins, large variety, at cost. All our underwear at much less than cost. Penangs and percales, formerly 85c, to close, 4c per yard. See our hosiery at 10c and 15c per pair, worth 25c. Notions of every description less than cost. 10/4 New York mills sheeting, worth 30c, for 18c. Splendid bleached and unbleached cotton, 5c per yard.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

F. P. LOWRY & CO.,

FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.

S. E. TIFTON, Cutter

TRY

Our \$20.00 and \$25.00

OVERCOATS.

Elegantly trimmed, and made by first-class tailors, and you will never pay \$30.00 or \$35.00 again.

We make pants for \$5.00 that are good, and the best for \$8.00. These would cost you \$7.00 and \$12.00 anywhere else.

Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty.

LAVIN & HUKILL.



UP TO OUR EARS IN WORK,

for which we are thankful is our condition just now; but we still want more, and still strive to give the same eminent satisfaction that we always have in turning out your linen in irreproachable style.

The Bourbon Steam Laundry,

W. M. HINTON, JR., & BRO., Proprietors.

Telephone No. 4.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

THE WANDERER.

At drowsy dawn I left the gate—so very long ago,
Whether that home be memory or dream I hardly know.

The cloud-hung visions of the morn were far more real then
Than now are thronging city streets and cries of eager men.

The hours ere yet the sun was high were like eternities,
But now how swift the shadows run, how near the darkness is!

Ah, well! "Tis aye the happiest day comes swift to even-song;
With merrier comrades never yet did pilgrim pass along.

The paths that widest seem to part still winding turn and meet;
Perchance they do but homeward lead again our wandering feet.

Familiar faces vanish, but the voices vibrate still,
And nothing now seems far away, at the ending of the hill.

To one warm hand alone I cling, as fast the night grows late,
And crave that we may come at last together at the gate.

—William Cranston Lawton, in Century.

HIS FRESHMAN ROMANCE.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

PROPOS of finding photographs, did you fellows ever hear about Briarwood's romance? In our freshman year it happened.

Briarwood was not exactly in our crowd, you know, but we all came from the same fitting school, and so at first we saw a good deal of him. I remember I went over to his room that first evening after he was settled, and found him sitting in his big armchair before the open fire. He jumped up quickly when I came in, and laid something slyly on the mantelpiece. It looked like a photograph, and I began to blow him about being homesick so soon, and asked if he was looking at mother's picture.

He flushed up quickly, and said it was nothing to be ashamed of if it had been his mother's picture, but that as it happened it was no such thing. Then he changed the subject and asked how I liked the room.

"Have you noticed my desk?" he asked, pretty proudly. "I bought it of Thorne, the fellow who had this room last. He was first marshal last class day, and a first-rate fellow, too. I judge Great isn't it, Stockton?"

It was a handsome desk—mahogany, roll-top, with brass knobs and all that. He unlocked and rolled up the top for my benefit.

"Thorne gave me the key himself, with his alumnus blessing, to-day," he said, "and when I asked if 'finding was having,' he laughed, and said I was welcome to whatever I found in the old ark, for he was pretty sure there was nothing but undergraduate dust in the cracks."

"But you did find something after all?" I asked, quickly, for though he is a good lawyer now, he never could keep a secret in those days.

"Oh, well, not so much," he said, carelessly; but I saw him glance toward the mantel. I guessed in a minute what it was, and before he could stop me I sprang for the photograph at which he had been looking when I entered. He jumped up angrily. "Give me that photograph!"

"Oh, ho! So it's a girl, is it? And a mighty pretty one, too."

The girl was evidently tall and dark, with a splendid figure, a strong face—almost masculine, but perfectly featured—and great, big, dark eyes full of fun. She had a huge shade hat hanging by its ribbons, and was smiling so as to show the prettiest teeth I ever saw.

"Thorne was a lucky fellow. I wonder—ah, here's a name on the back," I went on, compositely. "Rose Thorne. Pshaw! So she was only his sister!"

"What a fake!"

Briarwood had the picture by this time, and after putting it away in the desk turned upon me indignantly again. "You had no business to meddle with it," said he.

"She's a stunner," I answered, and if 'finding is having,' Briarwood, I advise you to hunt up the original pretty quick, old man."

With this parting shot I hurried out of the room, dodging the curve on a Greek lexicon that came tumbling after me. After that I saw more or less of Briarwood, principally less, for he soon grew too popular to stay in our set. He was easily the man of his class, and no wonder; for, take him all around, he is about as fine a chap as I ever saw.

One night I dropped around for a pipe before turning in, and to borrow Harry's notes to use before the mid-year examination in—something or other. Just as I was leaving I happened to remember my former call.

"Oh, by the way, Briarwood," I asked, "have you seen Miss Thorne lately? 'Finding is having,' you know."

I had no idea it was more than a joke with him then. But I was completely knocked out to see him change color furiously and jump up looking as mad as a hatter.

"You keep quiet about that, will you, Stockton?" he said, gruffly.

"Oh, don't mind me, old man," I replied, cheerfully. "You've got it bad, but you'll pull through all right. Can't you get Thorne to introduce you? Look him up, Briarwood; that's my advice."

Harry did not reply, but hunted up the notebooks and gave them to me, still with that flush on his face. This set me thinking. I believed we might get some fun out of Briarwood over this

thing, and told one or two of the fellows about it in my room the next night. The idea of old Briarwood being in love was pretty rich; but we all agreed to keep it dark and watch developments until we had a chance to play a good game on him.

I watched Harry after that whenever he came in my way, and I certainly noticed a new look about him; there was no doubt about it. Harry was in love with that photograph. And as the year drew on to spring, and the spring toward class day, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of Rose Thorne more and more, so we judged.

It was one evening along about the first of June, I think, when one of the fellows—Goodrich, expelled the year we graduated—came running into my room all out of breath for laughing, and threw himself into my chair, so weak he could hardly speak.

"Oh, it's the rich joke on Briarwood," he gasped, at last; "it's the photograph he always carries around with him—'Rose Thorne'—oh, my eye!" And he exploded again. "That picture—it's Thorne's own photo, taken last year in the Pi Eta theatricals. Here's a duplicate of it. I found it in Van Ruyter's room to-day. And he pulled out of his pocket another likeness of the fair Rose Thorne."

The joke was too good to keep. The idea of dignified old Briarwood being in love with another fellow—a shaven and bewigged "Rose" blossoming on the Thorne tree!

"And he carried that thing around in his vest pocket next his heart!" roared Goodrich. "I saw it the other day at the gym. Oh, the soft meat! He'll never hear the last of this!"

Then we concocted the fine scheme. We agreed that the crowd should meet around at Briarwood's rooms some evening, quite accidentally, and manage to bring "Rose Thorne" into the talk somehow, till he fired up, then we would give it all away and explain that his lady-love existed only as a strapping alumnus, and the joke would be on him for the benefit of the whole college. For we planned to get a version of it into the "Lampoon," with portraits.

We set one night just before class day for our scheme, and all the boys promised to be there to see poor old Briarwood through with it. Well, sirs, that evening Harry was in his best mood. He had just finished his last examination, and was feeling pretty fine altogether, for his year's rank was a sure thing; however, the profs might play the deuce with the rest of us. He did the honors in great shape, and showed no sign of caring for any girl, let alone the photograph whose original he had never seen. The boys began to put up the game before long. Goodrich was the one to start it off.

"I say, fellows," he called across the room, "don't you remember little Thorne? Yes you do, at Adams' spread a year ago—little Rose, in the red dress?" We had all come on for class day the year before.

"Oh, yes," said another fellow, with a grin; "you mean the girl who took too much champagne."

"And couldn't walk to the carriage," chimed in Eddy, with his horse laugh. "I remember that, fellows; I carried her."

"She was more than a handful for Thorne, that little sister of his," said another. And so they went on with their jokes about the "little devil in red," "Rosie," as they called her, each growing more personal in his hints and innuendoes, which were received with roars of laughter and assenting grins of delight.

Briarwood was all this time sitting glum and quiet by the window, with his head bent in his hands, pulling fiercely at his pipe without a word. Then Goodrich said, suddenly:

"I say, fellows, how many of you have her picture? She only gives 'em to the ones she loves best, sweet Sozodant! I got mine the night I took her to Mariage's for a little French dinner after the theater. How's that Briarwood? Is that the way you got your's?"

Harry jumped up quickly and stood facing Goodrich defiantly, with his eyes flashing.

"Oh, you've got it there, we know," went on Goodrich, tapping his breast pocket. "I've seen it; isn't it like this?" And he pulled the duplicate out of his own pocket triumphantly.

But Briarwood overdid the thing—he always did. He was a coarse brute, and the faculty was all right to get rid of him as soon as they did. He made some other remarks which were quite unnecessary for the purposes of our joke, and which we were all of us ashamed to hear, and then he stepped forward as if to grab the photograph out of Harry's pocket.

But Briarwood was thoroughly waked up now. With a gesture he flung away his pipe, and then planting his big fist squarely between Goodrich's eyes, sent him tumbling back with a crash against the door.

"It's a lie; it's all a—lie," he said, steadily, and in a low tone. "She is Jack Thorne's sister, and I know she is a fine girl. I'm not ashamed to wear her photograph, but I won't take it out for you fellows to see. If any of the rest of you dare to say that Goodrich spoke the truth, let him step out and say it, and then I'll knock him down."

Just then there was a knock on the door. We must have made a terrible racket there with our laughing and jollying, and when Goodrich fell he made a big crash, for he was a heavy fellow—half-back on the team until he was expelled.

At any rate, as we all stood there, looking sheepish enough, in walked Mr. White, the proctor. He stood holding the doorknob in one hand and looking first around at the crowd of us, then straight at Harry, who was still standing with his fists clenched, glaring down at Goodrich on the floor. Then Mr. White asked, sternly:

"What's all this row, Mr. Briarwood? Did you knock this man down?"

"I did, sir," said Harry, firmly.

"Why, may I ask?"

"He insulted a lady."

"A lady? What lady?"

Harry made no reply, and some of the fellows snickered. But Harry looked around quickly with a glance that made us all keep quiet.

"This is the lady's photograph," he said, at last, steadily taking the picture from his breast and handing it to the proctor with much dignity. "She is the sister of a man who is an honor to the college. You know him, Mr. White."

No one said a word, even to explain the joke. Mr. White started when he saw the face, turned it over and read the name as if puzzled. Then, as if suddenly comprehending, he glanced around the circle of us with a quizzical look and a half contemptuous smile.

"Briarwood," he said, "you were quite right. I excuse your action, and thank you in the name of the lady before all these gentlemen. Goodrich, get up and out of here as quickly as you can." Then, turning to Harry again, he said, pleasantly, as if nothing had happened:

"Mr. Briarwood, there are a lady and gentleman waiting outside who would like to look at this room, if you are prepared to receive visitors now."

We all stood mute and awkward while the proctor, after receiving a puzzled but gracious assent from Harry, turned and spoke to some one outside the door.

"Mr. Briarwood," he said, reentering, followed by the two strangers, "I think you have met Mr. Thorne before. He wished his sister to see his old college room. It is the first time she has ever been to the college. I assure you, Miss Thorne, it is not usually so noisy here. The boys were having a little frolic to-night."

One by one we slunk silently out of the room, fixing our dazed eyes to the last upon the feminine counterpart of the unlucky photograph—a sweeter, far lovelier version of the handsome brother, by whose side she stood chatting graciously with Harry and looking coldly at us from under half-diminished eyelids.

We said little more to one another that night, but we all wondered, and wonder still, how much of that racket she overheard. She had come to C—early for her first class day, for she had been studying abroad for the last three years, and so had missed her brother's spread. But she had wanted to see his old room, now Briarwood's, and had stumbled upon our joke.

No, it didn't get around the college. I don't know whether Harry himself ever quite understood it. You see, we naturally did not care to have it nixed around much, for even Goodrich agreed that the joke wasn't exactly on Briarwood.

Oh, yes, her name really was Rose. Thorne had written it on the photo because its resemblance to her was so perfect. We saw it still more plainly on class day, when she wore a big leghorn hat as she walked about the yard with Harry, the lucky dog! We hung around her anxiously, the whole crowd of us, hoping for an introduction, but a pair of them paid any attention to us. That was only Harry's freshman year. You should have seen him at his own class day!

What's that? Of course he did. Harry always got whatever he tried for, in college and out. Beside, hadn't Thorne himself agreed that "finding was having"? I rather think that Harry found something worth having on class day evening. It looked so.—Woman's Home Companion.

NEW YORK JUSTICE.

A City in Which a Rival Is Not Held in Great Esteem.

As is generally known, it is a punishable offense in the state of New York for any person to attempt to take his life, although it is not so, if the attempt be successful—which makes self-murder somewhat different, legally, from the other kind. As is also very generally known, New York, individually and collectively, is disposed to forever point the finger of scorn at her large and growing neighbor, Philadelphia.

Not long ago a prisoner was before a New York judge charged with attempted suicide, and the judge, being a man who lived on Easy street, where it was sunny in winter and shady in summer, frowned severely on the culprit because he couldn't understand how any man would want to quit this life until he was forced to do so.

"Your honor," pleaded the culprit, looking into the frowning face of the justice, "there were mitigating circumstances."

The judge frowned more fiercely at the thought of offering an excuse for such a crime, and said nothing.

"But there were, your honor," insisted the prisoner. "The firm I am working for informed me last Saturday night that I would have to go to Philadelphia to live, as they were compelled to make a change."

The judge's entire demeanor underwent a rapid transformation.

"Great goodness," he exclaimed in a horrified tone, "the prisoner is acquitted and the clerk will please make out a warrant for the arrest of the firm for assault with intent to kill."—Washington Star.

Hints Worth Heeding.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt water and ironed wet to look well.

Velvet or plush that has become creased and whose nap is matted should be dampened on the under side with clear water. Then hold the goods tight over the face of a hot flatiron and run over the matted piece with a clothes brush.

It is a very great mistake to keep choice lace for years without washing. Many women believe that it is ruined by soap and water, and will keep some cherished length for years and years, turning yellow with age and rotting with the dust it has accumulated till it really drops to pieces.—Chicago Record.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 100 Protestant churches in Denver.

—Gen. Booth has recently closed a series of Salvation Army meetings in Scotland.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, has appropriated \$7,000 more for work than last year.

—A home for soldiers and sailors is about to be opened in Hong Kong by the Salvation Army, and an experienced naval officer placed in charge.

—At the Gowa station of the Scottish Baptist industrial mission in Central Africa, 50 acres of land have been planted in coffee, which will bear fruit in 1898.

—In 1896 there were 1,267 Protestant Missionary societies in the world, the income of which exceeded \$15,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000 over the previous year.

—The centenary of Methodism in Wales is to be celebrated by raising by 1900 a large sum of money for the clearing of debts and the erection of new chapels.

—It is said that many parents in Japan prefer to send their children to mission schools, because of the proverbially bad morals of most of government school teachers.

—The local board of Sandown, Isle of Wight, has been upheld by judgment in the court of appeal and has prevented the sale of Sunday newspapers on the esplanade.

GREAT INDIAN TRUST.

Tribal Territories Governed by a Few Scheming Redskins.

The Indian territory as at present governed is the most successful trust in the United States. About 45,000 Indians control the territory, which includes among its inhabitants anywhere from 200,000 to 250,000 white people. These white people have no voice in making laws under which they live and cannot acquire title to the houses they build or the lands they till. If the 45,000 Indians were 45,000 people whose individual land holdings made up the aggregate area of the territory the situation would be peculiar, but as a matter of fact there are no such things there as individual titles. The land of each tribe is in theory held by the tribe as a whole, and leases are given of tracts which carry with them any improvements placed thereon. In practice the land of each tribe is controlled by a little knot or "ring" of chiefs or leading men. The bulk of each tribe outside this charmed circle are mere squatters. Readers who have never been in the Indian territory may fancy that the Indian chiefs are crested warriors of the forest. A brief stay in the territory will put an end to any such impression.

An Indian chief in "the territory" looks a good deal like a white man, dresses like one and makes money like one. Not infrequently he is either the actual head or secret backer of a big enterprise, or he may have been bred to the law. In any event he is a shrewd speculator who usually sees all the advantages of keeping up a system which gives him all the advantages and few of the burdens of a great land owner. The rank and file of the Indians get nothing out of the territory but the right to squat on such obscure corners of the land as the chiefs have no present use for. Allotments in severalty which the Dawes commission is seeking to bring about would be for the interest of the majority of the Indians as well as for that of the whites. The tribal system has broken down completely as a safeguard for the tribes, and has only benefited the "trust" formed by the chiefs.—Boston Transcript.

HIS POROUS PLASTER ROOF.

This Saving West Virginian Shingled His House with Odd Material.

Pompey was a soldier in the confederate army and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. After the war he settled down on a little farm near Moorefield, W. Va., and has lived there ever since. The farm is small and Pompey is not prosperous. The only thing that has flourished with him of late years has been the pains caused by his old wounds, and for those nothing afforded relief except porous plasters.

He had a contract with the village druggist to supply him with porous plasters by the gross, and the tax on his resources became so great on account of being addicted to the porous plaster habit that he became penurious, and demanded that old tin cans and broken forks and every other odd end should be saved. And especially he charged his wife to save the old porous plasters. The plasters had stuck to him and he would stick to the plasters. He was as proud of his cabinet of old plasters as a man given to the bric-a-brac and curio habit is of his collections, and declared that sometime they would come in mightily handy.

Now there were three buildings on Pompey's farm—his house, his barn and a dilapidated building where he kept his farming tools and his collection of old tomato cans and his porous plasters. One night the house burned down, and the family moved into the toolhouse. It was good enough except that the sun and the starshine through the roof. Then came the triumph of the porous plasters.

Pompey got out his collection and shingled the whole blessed roof with old plasters, and as they were thick with burgundy pitch they served well the purpose and made the roof water tight. Now people come miles to see the house shingled with porous plasters, and Pompey says they draw better than they did when they were on his back.—N. Y. Press.

As to Taking Things.

"The easiest way to get along in this world is to take things as you find them."

"That's all right until you get caught."—Chicago Journal.

LOOKING FOR HONEST LAWYERS.

Centenarian Tramps 100 Miles on a Remarkable Mission.

William Shopshire, once a slave, now nearly 100 years old, decrepit and infirm, walked nearly 100 miles to Cincinnati for the purpose, as he says, of finding an honest lawyer, and landed penniless at the Hammond street station. The old man was given a berth in the cellroom of the station-house by Lieut. Kane, and looked up for a night's rest. He had richly deserved it, for his shoes from long travel were worn through and his bruised and bleeding feet rested on the ground.

It all sounds like a travesty on the profession, for, with apologies to the credence of the general public, the fact is well known that honest lawyers live in nearly every city and town throughout the length and breadth of this fair land. But the old ex-slave has his crochets—they usually come with years and sad experiences, and he made Cincinnati the Mecca of his pilgrimage.

"Grandpa" Shopshire, as he is known in Donerale, Ky., a little town near Lexington, was once considered very wealthy, but litigation, as he says, has involved him and his effects until now he has made one last supreme effort to reclaim his lands. The chapter of his trouble is a long one and full of quarrels, disputes and legal technicalities, but from the story he told in his feeble way at the station it seems that he has been often victimized owing to his generosity, until all his earthly possessions have been drawn into the courts. His faculties are still unimpaired and his mind on the subject of his troubles is remarkably clear as to names, dates and legal papers. All the money he started with was spent for provisions along the route to this city. He offers \$4,000 in cash to the attorney who will go into the Kentucky courts and reclaim three pieces of property which he claims are held unjustly by others.

When he started for this city he had no idea as to the immense distance he had to travel before he reached his destination, but he was so determined to find an honest, unprejudiced lawyer that he would not retrace his steps, though often overcome with hunger and fatigue. Shopshire was once the property of Gen. Andrew Jackson and claims the distinction of having paid for his freedom with means that he had accumulated. He is a typical old slave and bears the characteristics of his rapidly disappearing fellows to such a marked degree as would make him an invaluable adjunct to an artist's studio if such a picture were desired. The gnarled staff with which his journey was made less irksome was cut from a tree upon which Daniel Boone found and slew a bear away back in the days when the "dark and bloody ground" was still unbaptized with the carnage from which the name was taken. The old colored man has survived all his relatives and for years has been utterly alone in the world, and like the lonely occupant of the "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," has had nothing to do of late years but occasionally "swap" mules with some remote neighbor while his chimney tumbled down and his roof no longer served to keep out the sunshine and the rain.—Chicago Chronicle.

VANDAL HANDS ARE STAYED.

Grounds of the Borgheze Villa Purchased by the Government.

An "open space" that has a European reputation has long been threatened and has now at last been rescued from the speculative builder. In no capital has been more active lately, or more ferocious, than in Rome. He found the old city marble and he is rapidly leaving it plaster. Everyone who knows Rome will remember the beautiful grounds of the Villa Borgheze, just outside the city walls, high upon the Pincian hill. Thence you look down on the city stretching southward beyond you, and can see the sun setting behind St. Peter's.

In the healthiest quarter of Rome, this site was the very opportunity of the speculative builder, if chance were to cast it into the market. And of this there has lately been an alarming probability. The Borgheze family were no longer the inheritors of their old opulence. Year by year the quaintly laid out grounds were falling into neglect and the artificial ruins were crumbling in veritable decay. Once the Casino held a collection of antique sculpture so rare that Napoleon carried them off to Paris, and the indemnity promised to Prince Borgheze of that day—15,000,000 francs—was never paid. But the pedestals were not left unoccupied, and to this day the Casino is one of the sights of Rome.

The grounds themselves are in a way its Hyde Park. It is here that, in the season, in the winter months, and in the early spring, the fashion of the modern city is seen, and scarcely a day passes but the scarlet liveries show that the king or queen is driving in the grounds. This "open space" was too intimately associated with many sides of the life of modern Rome to allow of its being sacrificed to the builder. The municipality has bought it from the family, to whom will be paid for the concession an annuity of £6,000 a year.—London News.

Styles for the New Year.

The circular skirt still retains its vogue, although many of the models are greatly narrowed.

Cloth and corded silk and drape d'ete, or double-faced cashmere and moire, will be very fashionably combined next season.

The small pad bustle is now worn with the latest day costumes and evening toilets, and those of larger proportions are announced.—Chicago Record.

Flogging in Russia by Machine.

Flogging has become so indispensable in Russia that some inventor has perfected a machine which saves the human arm the infamous labor of blows. Under the flagellation of the machine, taxes and arrears are to become speedily collected.—Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

"What makes you think that Spaldy would make a hustling politician?" "Because he isn't good for anything else."—Detroit Free Press.

"Johnny—" "Does your pa ever take you to circuses?" Tommy—"No; he's so near-sighted he says it'd be just like throwin' money away."—Chicago News.

"An Irish tenant observed that it was a 'hard thing for a man to be turned out of the house which his father built and his grandfather was born in.'"—Tit-Bits.

"These Boyish Fathers."—"Henry had to buy little Henry another mechanical toy steamboat." "Why?" "He broke the first one playing with it."—Detroit Free Press.

"This talk about free alcohol for usin' the arts," began Gaswell. "Well?" asked Gasbill. "Has that anything to do with painting the town red?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Beginning Early.—Bridegroom—"Where shall we go, dearest; Niagara Falls or Washington?" Bride—"We might go to both places and see which we like best."—Brooklyn Life.

As Defined in New York.—"What is a cosmopolitan?" "A cosmopolitan is a New Yorker who has been convinced that there is something going on outside of his own town."—Chicago Record.

Mamma—"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion?" "See how quiet Willie is!" Ethel—"Of course he's quiet; that's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."—Tit-Bits.

"Nature never makes a mistake in giving the animals on the globe their appropriate location," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks. "If the Asiatic elephant, for instance, had been placed in the north frigid zone, think what it would cost the poor creature for ear muffs."—Chicago Tribune.

At a country fete a conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a boy in front, "I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course, she can," was the reply. "Why, how's that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of applause.—Tit-Bits.

CURIOUS CRABS IN FLORIDA.

They Have Peculiar Shells and Feed on Birds and Insects.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pincers are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a saucer.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings, and the young themselves, if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of bayonet bill and eaten in his turn. When the plume hunters have driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery, these crabs swarm out and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities. Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back and the crab will resume its place and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to the family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and it properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New river inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of them to the ground. The breakage of a shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

USING CONVICT LABOR.

How to Solve a Vexed Problem to Everybody's Advantage.

Between that sickly sentimentality which makes him an object of such tender solicitude as to restrain him from proper physical exercise, and that brutality which drives him to despair, the present-day convict has a hard time of it. Much as we may deprecate the latter, it is a fair question if the former be not the more demoralizing in ultimate consequences.

These reflections are suggested by the interesting letter on "Convict Labor and Good Roads," from the pen of P. J. Edwards, of Hillsboro, Ill. His suggestion that convict labor may be employed in the preparation of road metal will surely meet with the approval of every citizen who understands the meaning of true philanthropy. We say this because we desire for the moment to remove from the discussion the economic



A PENNSYLVANIA ROAD.

features of the case, and consider the convict not as a subject of our condemnation and punishment, but as one diseased morally and needful of treatment and cure.

What does such a patient most need? Not a physician but will answer that first of all he must have healthful exercise and plenty of it. When we come to apply the remedy what do we find? That public sentiment is opposed, and rightfully, to the competition of convict labor with free labor. How, then, shall the convict be employed for the public benefit without entering into competition with free labor? In just such manner as Mr. Edwards suggests, only we should extend his field of usefulness just as far as the nature of the individual convict permitted, and make him a worker upon the roadbed, giving to "trusties" such a degree of freedom as would aid to make them better men and fit them to return to honest ways when their term of imprisonment had expired.

We have heard much of good roads of late years; but most of the discussion has ended with talk, and but little, comparatively speaking, has been accomplished. We believe this is largely due to lack of concerted movement. We are convinced that if the states through which an air line road from, say, Buffalo, N. Y., to the Pacific coast, were to unite in the construction of such a highway, and would employ no other than convict labor, each state's prisoners to work upon the roadway of that state, the result would be such an era of good-road making as would soon lift the agricultural sections of the United States out of the mire, transform travel and life in the country as much as the paved streets in the cities have added to the comfort and pleasure of those who dwell in them, and remove the heaviest tax now resting upon agricultural production. This may be said to be a sentimental way of going about it. But we do many things from sentiment, and more interest can be aroused in some such interstate roadway than by all the states in the union working single-handed and without purpose.

Such a road would bring to its support the wheelmen of the nation, and they have shown a commendable spirit of helpfulness and a willingness to bear their share of the burdens attending good roads. It would lead to the construction of the states through which this interstate highway passed of a series of laterals which would bring all sections into connection with the main avenue. It would make possible a summer outing for thousands of people who now are withheld from its enjoyment by the expense attending, and would transform the country into a scene of life and pleasure, such as now is witnessed only in the country districts of certain European lands.

Our prisons are to-day a burden upon the people. They should be made self-supporting, and in doing this the highest good of convicts may be conserved. To use this labor in transforming the bogs and mudholes, which compose a large portion of our country roads, into dry, smooth highways, would be to give to it a purpose in itself stimulating to the moral growth of the men engaged in it. Of its advantages to the people, especially to agriculturists, there is no room for discussion.—Farmers' Voice.

The Beet Sugar Industry.

Claus Spreckels is said to have over \$2,000,000 invested in beet sugar refineries. In one factory alone 3,000 tons of beets are consumed each day. Annually, in this country, 2,000,000 tons of sugar are used. Owing to the insufficiency of the home supply much of the sugar required by the great fruit and condensed milk factories is imported. In order to give us the necessary amount of sugar each year 1,333,333 acres of beet-producing land, yielding 2,000 pounds of sugar to an acre, should be cultivated. It is believed that farmers may realize three times as much money from raising sugar beets as from crops of wheat.

Dark stables are promoters of disease and impure milk.

GROWING CELERY.

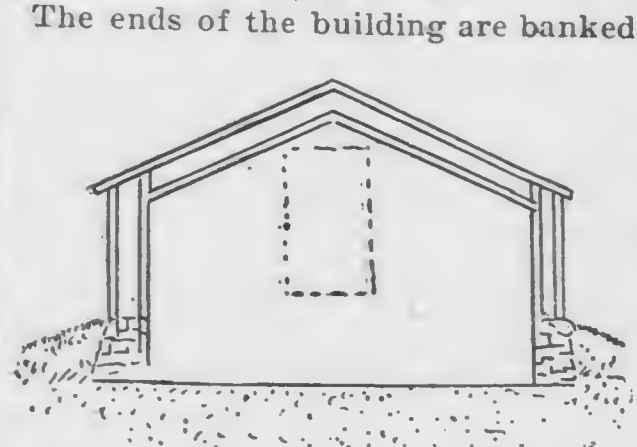
A Method That Has Been Practiced with Great Success.

The following is my plan for growing celery: Instead of sowing the seed in a hot bed or cold frame, as practiced in Europe, it is sown in the open ground, as soon as it is fit to work, in April, and kept carefully clear of weeds until the time of planting, in June and July. In our warmer climate, if raised in hot beds, as in England, a majority of the plants would run to seed. The tops are shorn off once or twice before planting, so as to insure "stocky" plants, which suffer less on being transplanted. After the ground has been nicely prepared, lines are struck out on the level surface three feet apart, and the plants set six inches apart in rows. If the weather is dry at the time of planting great care should be taken that the roots are properly "firmed." Our custom is to turn back on the row and press by the side of each plant gently with the foot. This compacts the soil and partially excludes the air from the roots until new rootlets are formed, which will usually be in 48 hours, after which all danger is over. This practice of pressing the soil close around the roots is essential in planting of all kinds, and millions of plants are annually destroyed by its omission. After the planting of the celery is completed nothing further is to be done for six or seven weeks, except running between the rows with the cultivator or hoe, and freeing the plants of weeds until they get strong enough to crowd them down. This will bring us to about the middle of August, by which time we have usually that moist and cold atmosphere essential to the growth of celery. Then we begin the "earthing up" necessary for the blanching and whitening of that which is wanted for use during the months of September, October and November. The first operation is that of handling, as we term it; that is, after all the soil has been drawn up against the plant with the hoe it is further drawn close around each plant by the hand firm enough to keep the leaves in an upright position and prevent them from spreading. This being done more soil is drawn against the row (either by the plow or hoe, as circumstances require), so as to keep the plant in this upright position. The blanching process must, however, be finished by the spade, which is done by digging the soil from between the rows and banking it up clear to the top on each side of the row of celery. Three feet is ample distance between the dwarf varieties, but when larger sorts are used the width of the rows should be four or five feet.—J. E. Dillon, in Agricultural Epitomist.

FOR THE FRUIT FARM.

How to Build a Practical Fruit and Vegetable House.

A fruit and vegetable house is a necessity where any considerable quantity of these products is to be housed. The requirements are accessibility and the possibility of maintaining a low—but not freezing—temperature during the months of winter. A cross section of a house meeting these requirements is shown herewith. A sandy or gravelly knoll, if conveniently located, is selected and a few feet of excavation is made, the depth depending on the character of the winter in the given locality. Two feet will be enough in some places—a greater depth will be required in others. The earth thrown out is to be retained to bank the walls, as shown, thus making the depth below ground greater. A stone wall retains the earth. Above this is a low structure of wood, double boarded, with building paper beneath both boardings. One set of boards is nailed to the outside of studding and rafters and the other to the inside of the same, as shown.



FRUIT AND VEGETABLE HOUSE.

up like the sides, and a door is placed in one end above the earth in the position of the dotted lines. Double doors, with glass in the upper part of each, should be used. A curtain can be placed over the glass of the inner door to keep the interior dark, if desired, to be drawn when one enters the building for any purpose. Such a building can be cheaply constructed and should prove very serviceable. A small ventilator can be carried up from near the bottom and out through the roof, if needed.—N. Y. Tribune.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Water from a long unused well is not fit for the cow.

Milk quickly and thoroughly. Quick milking is the thing.

If you milk a sick cow, wash the hands before milking another cow.

Watch the milk to see that it is natural. If unnatural do not mix it with other milk.

Droppings should be removed several times a day if the cows are kept stabled all the time.

Land plaster is one of the very best things for absorbing moisture and odors in the stable.

The oleomargarine business has had a serious setback, but the bogus lard business still goes on.

Sand will make a very good absorbent in the stable, the only objection being that it will get into the hair.

It is always well to milk a stream or two on the ground to carry away any dirt that may be at the cradle.

Cold milk absorbs odors very readily, but cold or warm it should never be brought in contact with odors.—Western Plowman.

She Wanted All the Days.

There is always a beautiful crop of stories concerning the doings of congressional women, and, new congressional women, at this season of the year. Most of the tales are apocryphal, but this one is perfectly true, for the stationer himself told me about it. The woman is the wife of a member from somewhere in the west, and she had never been in Washington till a fortnight ago. She went to a stationer's to order visiting cards.

"What day do you wish engraved on them?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," answered Mrs. Congressman, "I've got to have several days. I can't make all my calls in one day. Engrave me some cards for Monday calls, and some for Tuesday, and—well, it's going to be expensive, but I guess I've got to do it. Make me some for every day in the week except Sunday."—Washington Post.

The Only One.—"I know one man," said the quiet young woman, "who is listened to with respect by both sides whenever he speaks in congress." "He must have a lot of influence," I hope he has. He's the chaplain."—Washington Star.

A good way to get along with some people is to have nothing to do with them.—Washington Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle common	\$ 2 75 @ 3 75
Select butchers	3 90 @ 4 25
CALVES—Fair to good light	8 75 @ 9 00
HOGS—Common	3 00 @ 3 65
Mixed packers	3 70 @ 3 80
Light shipping	4 00 @ 4 40
SHEEP—Choice	4 00 @ 4 40
LAMBS—Good to choice	5 00 @ 5 50
FLOUR—Winter family	3 50 @ 3 80
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	90 @ 95
No. 3 red	85 @ 90
Corn—No. 2 mixed	24 1/2 @ 24 3/4
Oats—No. 2	10 @ 11
Hay—Prime to choice	9 25 @ 9 50
PROVISIONS—Lard—Prime	10 @ 11
Butter—Choice dairy	10 @ 11
Prime to choice creamery	3 25 @ 3 50
APPLES—Per bushel	2 15 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per bushel	2 15 @ 2 25

CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—Winter patents	4 80 @ 4 90
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	92 1/2 @ 93 1/2
No. 2 hard	87 1/2 @ 88 1/2
CORN—No. 2	27 @ 27 1/2
OATS—No. 2	23 @ 23 1/2
PORK—Mess	9 65 @ 9 70
LARD—Steam	4 67 1/2 @ 4 90

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Winter patent	4 80 @ 5 15
CORN—No. 2 red	1 04 1/2 @ 1 05 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	99 @ 99 1/2
RYE	49 1/2 @ 49 3/4
OATS—Mixed	28 1/2 @ 28 3/4
PORK—New Mess	9 50 @ 9 60
LARD—Western	4 30 @ 4 40

BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	4 35 @ 4 65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	98 @ 98 1/2
Southern—Wheat	94 @ 94 1/2
CORN—No. 2	23 1/2 @ 24
OATS—No. 2 white	29 1/2 @ 30
RYE—No. 2 western	52 1/2 @ 52 3/4
CATTLE—Quality	5 24 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western	4 00 @ 4 10

INDIANAPOLIS.	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	91 @ 91 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	26 1/2 @ 27
OATS—No. 2	23 @ 23 1/2

LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—Winter	3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	94 1/2 @ 95 1/2
CORN—Mixed	26 @ 26 1/2
OATS—Mixed	23 @ 23 1/2
PORK—Mess	9 25 @ 9 35
LARD—Steam	4 45 @ 4 75

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Up-to-Date Sociology.

Son—Papa, what is meant by the classes? Sprockets—Why, they're professionals and A and B amateurs—the B's really aren't amateurs at all.

"Well, and what are the masses?" "Oh, they're the folks who pay no money to see the races, is'nt it?"—N. Y. Journal.

\$400 For New Names! The Salzer Seed Co. want suitable names for their 17-inch long corn and White Oat prodigy. You can win this \$400 easily. Catalogue tells all about it. Seed potatoes only \$1.50 a barrel. \$500 in prizes!

SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS TO John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get free their great seed catalogue and 11 new farm seeds, including above corn and oats, positively worth \$10, to get a start. \$5

The Mean Thing. "My face," said the Seasoned Soubrette, is my fortune. "You don't say so?" retorted the Funny Comedian. "I thought it stood for what you owed." "And why did you think it stood for what I owed?" asked the Seasoned Soubrette. "Because," explained the Funny Comedian, "I see you have it chalked up."—Indianapolis Journal.

A New Crazy Sect in Connecticut. A lot of fanatics in the State recently immersed an old rheumatic woman bodily in the water to "heal her," as they said. She nearly died in consequence. How much better it would have been to have treated the poor old woman for her infirmity with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only cures rheumatism, but prevents kidney complaint and remedies dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervous prostration. Give it a systematic trial.

One for the Lawyer. A celebrated New York lawyer asked a distinguished actress in a breach-of-contract suit:

"What is your age?" She held back and refused to answer. "Oh, speak up! If you had answered the question promptly you would not be as old as you are now."—N. Y. World.

Many People Cannot Drink coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15c and 25c.

As It Was. Jack—So after you satisfied her father that you were a stockholder, she consented to be your wife?

Jack—Yes. First he viewed my shares and then she shared my views.—N. Y. Journal.

When Traveling. Whether on pleasure bent or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Fig. as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50-cent bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Married people laugh at things at the theater which make girls look mad.—Washington Democrat.

A Total Disability Claim of \$1,650 Paid to a Man who was Afterward Cured.

The Monitor, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ont., Canada, first discovered this case two years ago, and published it at length, which now seems, owing to the cure of it, to be a miracle. The facts were so remarkable that many people doubted the truth of them. They said: "It is too remarkable; it cannot possibly be true; the paper is mistaken, and the man, although he may think himself cured, will soon relapse into his former condition," etc., etc. The accuracy of its report called in question the Monitor determined to find out definitely whether the facts were as stated and whether the man would really stay cured. They accordingly kept a close watch on the case for two years after the first article appeared, and have just

mouth sufficiently wide to take solid food. The doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live. For three years he lingered in this condition. Then by some friend he was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them and there was a slight change. The first thing noted was a tendency to sweat freely. This showed there was some life left in his helpless body. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by prickling sensations, until at last the blood began to course freely, naturally and vigorously through his body, and the helplessness gave way to returning strength, the ability to walk returned, and he was restored to his old time health.

deed, I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview." "Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor. "Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I owe my release from the living death. I have since recommended these pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is always in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them." "Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases of modern times. Can any

CANADIAN MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION
TORONTO, April 16 '1892!

THE DOMINION BANK,
Pay to Messrs. Nelson & Evans, Barretts
or order
Twenty hundred and fifty Dollars
Countersigned Payment of disability claim on policy 73 Richard Hicks.
W. A. Phillips, P. P. Secretary
J. H. Hillman, Treasurer

\$1650.00

now published another article about it in which the original reports are completely verified, the cure is permanent, and they publish a fac simile of the check given by the Canadian Mutual Life Association for \$1,650.00 amount of total disability claim paid by them to Mr. Petch.

The first account stated that the patient (see address below) had been a paralytic for five years, and there was such a total lack of feeling in his limbs and body that a pin run full length could not be felt; that he could not walk or help himself at all; for two years he was not dressed; furthermore, that he was bloated, was for that reason almost unrecognizable and could not get his clothes on. The paralysis was so complete as to affect the face and prevent him from opening his

The above is the substance of the first article published by the Monitor. Now follow some clippings, taken from the same paper two years afterward, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt, in view of this testimony, that Mr. Petch's cure is permanent. Here follows the account.

On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said: "You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. In-

one say, in the face of such testimony, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of any suffering man, woman or child? Is not the case in truth a miracle of modern medicine?"

To make the evidence complete we publish above a fac simile out of the check received by Mr. Petch from the Canadian Mutual Life Association, being the amount due him for total disability. It is unnecessary to add that this life insurance association did not pay this large amount of money to Mr. Petch, except after the most careful examination of his condition by their medical experts. They must have regarded him as forever incurable.

Mr. Petch's address is as follows: Reuben Petch, Griersville, Ont., Canada.

He Won.
"My dear young friend," said the employer who believes that a fatherly interest is better than a big salary, "do you think the salary you are drawing justifies your playing poker?"

"Justifies? justifies?" repeated the dear young man. "I've got to play poker to get enough money to live."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When you are prepared for an emergency it is only ever arises.—Washington Democrat.

Pike's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

To the soul in torment there is no such thing as time.—Hall Caine, in "The Christian."



store woman's health, we know of no better or more inspiring medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain.

Here is an illustration. Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va., says: "I suffered with nervous prostration, faintness, all-gone feeling and palpitation of the heart. I could not stand but a few moments at a time without having that terrible bearing-down sensation."

"When I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I only weighed 108 pounds, and could not sit up half a day; before, however, I had used a whole bottle, I was able to be about. I took in all about three bottles of the Compound, and am entirely cured; now I weigh 131 pounds and feel like a new woman, stronger and better than ever in my life."

So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

PAINT YOUR WALLS AND CEILINGS.

Calcimo Fresco Tints

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of grocer or paint dealer and do your own Calcimo painting.

This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. TO BE MIXED WITH COLD WATER.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

"FORBID A FOOL A THING AND THAT HE WILL DO." DON'T USE

SAPOLIO

Mutually Unpleasant.

There was once an Irishman who had a face that, as one of his friends once remarked, was "an offense to the landscape." Next to his homeliness, his poverty was the most conspicuous thing about him. Hence the unsympathetic comment of a neighbor.

"How are ye, Pat?" he said.

"Mighty bad," was the reply; "sure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Is that so?" rejoined his friend. "Sure it can't be very pleasant for either of ye?"

—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

Are you bruised? Use St. Jacobs Oil and you won't be long. Shortest way.

Nobody is too worthless to have some congenial associates.—Washington Democrat.

As it certainly cures it, St. Jacobs Oil is The Master Cure for rheumatism.

Some people read only their church papers.—Washington Democrat.

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.

Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth.

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspirations easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and recover from nervous prostration, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Your ailment taken in time can be thrown off, if neglected it will run on into great suffering and pain.

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So it transpires that because of the virtues of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound, even a very sick woman can be cured and live to a green old age.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

Winchester Gun Catalogue Free

SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL CARD AND WE WILL SEND YOU OUR 136 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. 180 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A. N. K.—E 1893

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A CRUEL OPERATION.

THE PROCESS BY WHICH TORTOISE SHELL IS PROCURED.

Fires Set on the Living Turtle to Separate the Bony Layers of the House in Which He Lives - A Business That Struck an Observer as Heartless.

There are many articles of daily and hourly use constantly passing before our eyes and through our hands about the production of which we know comparatively little or nothing. An interesting example of this is tortoise shell, from which combs and hairpins are made, besides a multitude of trinkets for the dressing table, the desk and the pocket. Fierce cruades have been instituted in recent years against the slaughter of birds for the procurement of their plumage for hat trimmings, and yet I venture to say that the process of procuring tortoise shell is a cruelty to animal life which far exceeds that to which birds are subjected.

In the eighties I happened to be down in Bluefields, on that awful Mosquito coast, and at the invitation of one Manuel Latona, who was the owner and captain of a small schooner, went with him to the cay El Roncador for tortoise shell. This cay gets its name (which in English would be the Snorer) from the exceedingly angry surf, which can be heard for a long distance breaking over the reefs. This is the cay on which a couple of years back the historic old ship Kearsarge was wrecked and battered to pieces. El Roncador is nothing more or less than a typical coral island, such as is found throughout the southern seas, three-quarters of a mile long, perhaps, and not more than a quarter of a mile across its widest part. Surrounding the island is a reef, inside of which the water is smooth and rather shallow, and at the bottom of this shallow water there grows a peculiar kind of sea grass which is a dainty food for the turtle tribes. There is also found on the top of the water inside the reef a sort of small blubber fish, called in Spanish *decades*, or *thimble fish*, which is perhaps the greatest delicacy of the entire turtle menu.

The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is a small species known as the hawli bill. There are other varieties which come to El Roncador to spawn, but they are not molested. During the night the turtles crawl up on the shore to lay their eggs, each female depositing on an average about 70. To do this they dig holes in the sand about two feet deep and after laying the eggs cover them over so deftly that it is almost impossible for a novice to find them. These eggs are really delicious when roasted, but the turtle fishers are careful not to destroy those they do not take for food, so as to promote as much as possible the increase of this valuable sea reptile. At night the fishers conceal themselves along the shore as well as possible, and when the turtles come up out of the water on the beach they rush forth and turn them over on their backs with iron hooks, leaving them secure in this position until morning.

The tortoise shell of commerce is not, as is generally believed, the horny covering or shell proper of the turtle; it is the scales which cover the shield. These scales are 13 in number, 8 of them being flat and the other 5 somewhat curved. Four of those that are flat are quite large, sometimes being as much as 12 inches long and 7 inches broad, nearly transparent and beautifully variegated in color with red, yellow, white and dark brown clouds, which give the effects so fully brought out when the shell is properly polished. A turtle of average size will furnish about eight pounds of these laminae, or scales, each piece being from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

It is the method by which these scales are loosened which is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as that would lead to their extermination in a very few years. After capturing them the fishers wait for daylight to complete the work. The turtles are turned over again in their natural position and fastened firmly to the sand by means of pegs. Then a bunch of dried leaves or sea grass is spread over the back of the turtle and a fire is kindled. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, merely causing it to separate the joints. A large blade, very sharp in shape to a chemist's spatula, is then inserted horizontally between the laminae, which are gently pried up from the back. Great care must be taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth.

The operation, as one may readily imagine, is the extreme of cruelty, and any turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as man will grow a new finger nail in case of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the second growth of shell, though, is that instead of reproducing the original number of 13 segments it is stored in one solid piece.

To see the operation of taking the shell from the living turtle once is to see all a man of northern breeding and of it, and if the helpless reptiles are under the power of voicing their sorrows under their cries would be of a heartless business as man has yet engaged in.—New York Post.

Impossible in His Case.

Hungry Higgins—I see the paper says I oughtn't to never begin a journey before breakfast.

Wesley Watkins—Does it have any value for us blokes that has to make a journey to find the breakfast?—Indianapolis Journal.

The most scientific forester in Europe says that the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks lived only a little more than 300 years.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered In And About The 'Burg.

Mr. Dave Conway is in Cincinnati, this week, on business.

Miss Julia Evans is visiting her mother and sister in Georgetown.

Hickston creek was higher here Sunday than it has been for nine years.

County Attorney Denis Dundon, of Paris, visited friends here, Saturday.

Mr. Ernest Thorn, of Cynthiana, was the guest of relatives here, Saturday.

Miss Julia McClelland, of Lexington, was the guest of Mrs. Caleb Corrington, Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Thornton went to Paris, Saturday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Connell.

Mr. Leonard Drain, of Eminence, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Miller, Friday.

Mrs. Jas. Cummings, of Maysville, was the guest of relatives here, Friday and Saturday.

The County School Association will meet here, Saturday, at the public school building.

Mr. Whittington Mann, of Paris, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. W. M. Miller, yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Milam, of Maysville, was the guest of his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Phillips, yesterday.

Miss Mattie Power was home Saturday from her school to see her mother, who is now improving.

Mr. Fred Martin, of Wilson's Bottom, near Maysville, is the guest of Mr. Frank Herbert, near town.

Miss Bessie Ashurst, of the M. F. C., was the guest of Miss Bessie Redmon, from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. Royce Allen entertained about thirty of his young lady and gentlemen friends, last Friday night at tea.

If you want anything in the house-keeping line be sure to call on J. T. Hinton. He can suit you and save you money.

Mrs. Lonis Rogers, of Cane Ridge, visited relatives here yesterday. Miss Lillie Boulden, of Lexington, accompanied her home.

Mr. Joe B. Purnell and son, Master Reynolds Purnell, of Bowling Green, Mo., were guests Saturday and Sunday, at T. M. Purnell's.

NOTICE.—Any person, or church, wishing to give "The Old Maids' Convention," a church entertainment, will address, Mrs. R. M. Caldwell, Millersburg, Ky.

About twenty Old Fellows were down from Paris, Thursday night, to assist in conferring the degrees on Kirby Denton, of Riddles Mills, and to partake of a banquet.

Master Walker Morrow, son of Mrs. Morrow, the matron at the M. F. C., fell down stairs with a pitcher of hot water and severely scalded one hand and his right leg.

Messrs. Chas. Martin and Letton Vimont have returned from a fox hunt in Mason. They report plenty of foxes and fine sport. They were guests of Mr. Jeff Arthur while there.

Sam Ross, colored, and John Jackson, colored, who enlisted in the United States army five years ago, returned Saturday on a three-months' furlough. They have enlisted again for three years.

Rev. Father T. S. Major, of Frankfort, will deliver a lecture in Millersburg, on Feb. 11th, from the subject, "From the Army to the Altar; or Why a Confederate Soldier Became a Catholic and a Priest." The proceeds are for the benefit of a Confederate orphan daughter.

Among those who attended the funeral of Miss Kate Purnell, whose remains were Saturday interred in the Millersburg cemetery, were: Judge W. M. Purnell and daughters, Misses Mary and Jeanie Purnell, and son, Mr. Littleton Purnell, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fawcett, Mr. and Mrs. June Payne, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Beeding, all of Paris, and others.

Mr. C. W. Howard and wife entertained the business men of the 'Burg, Friday evening, it being the fifteenth anniversary of Mr. Howard's starting into the grocery business in this city, and by close attention to business, fair dealing and politeness, he has met with much success. The guests were royally entertained to an elegant supper in Mr. and Mrs. Howard's new home which was but recently completed.

Cancer Of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease.

Our books will be mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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OLD TIME MELODIES.

SONGS THE DARKIES USED TO SING IN THE OLD SLAVE DAYS.

Negroes of the Present Day Cut Them Into Scrappy Discords—"Massa Will" Visits Old Mose, and Together They Recall the Happy Old Times.

The old time plantation songs of the slavery days, have about passed away, and the negroes now cut the original melodies into scrappy discords and minor notes. A negro had rather strike a minor note than to rub the waistband of his pants against a well filled table and eat. It seems that the peculiar tone holds a fascination for him which cannot be overcome. There is always something to interest you when you can hear a genuine old time plantation song as sung by the aged slave negroes, when heart and soul are united in the song.

I have spent many a pleasant hour listening to the quaint songs of an old gray headed negro on my grandfather's farm as he would rasp the screeching chords in accompaniment on his banjo. When he would sing, he would get a humming start with the chords, and begin with a long drawn out note, rear way back, pat his feet and shake his old gray head. He enjoyed singing, and I enjoyed listening. I would take him little pieces of colored paper and all the colored glass I could find to get him to sing for me and to repeat the far famed verse of alliteration, "Did you ever see a possum in a papaw patch a-pickin up papaws and a-puttin 'em in his pocket to make a papaw pie for his papa?" This is the joy of his life, and it never grew old or tiresome to him to repeat it.

Mose was his name, and not long since I concluded to pay him a visit and to hear again the songs I had so enjoyed when a child. I found his cabin and he was at home, being unable to get about much. I shook hands with the honest old negro and sat down. The light which came into his face showed how welcome I was, and we had a long talk.

Finally I asked him to take the dusty banjo from the wall and give me a few strains of "Nigger Foot in Ashes" at a lively clip. He did as I asked, and the old time vigor came upon him again. After playing awhile I asked him to sing me the corn shucking song the "niggers" used to sing while they danced the "rabbit dance," after the corn was all husked and the white folks had gone to bed. He was in fine spirits, and with his head way back on his chair and his feet extended to keep time with the banjo, he sang:

"Early one mornin on my massa's farm—
Cut dat pigeon wing, Lizzy Jane!—
I heard dem chickens a-givin de alarm.
Shake yo' feet, Miss Lizzy Jane!
Shake yo' feet, niggers, I'll soon be day.
Shoot along lively, Miss Lizzy Jane!
Massa ketch us dancin, there—
We got to dig taters and hoe 'em—
Hit dat dubble shuffle, Lizzy Jane!
You'd better be a-humpin, coz it soon be mornin."
Shake dat balmoren, Lizzy Jane!"

After Mose finished singing this song an eight inch grin played across his face from ear to ear, his eyes sparkled and the old negro was happy again as if the young folks had gone through their dancing while he sang. He said, "Massa Will, de best days ob de old nigger's life am done gone, but when I think ob de good old times we had befo' de wah dese bones ob mine gits young, and I want to git right up and hit de jig step ag'in like I use to do."

I told him I was something of a dancer myself, and that if he would cut down lively on the old "banyard cackle" I would show him a few steps in jig dancing. This tickled the wrinkled faced coon, and he sang and played in earnest:

"Rooster in de chicken coop crowin fo' day.
Horses in de stable go nary, nary, nary.
Ducks in de yard go quack, quack, quack,
And de goose goes filley-I-foe!"

"Pigs in de pen keep a-squealin fo' slop,
Big dogs barkin like dey never will stop.
Guineas in de tree go pot-rack, pot-rack,
And de goose goes filley-I-foe!"

I stopped him because I was out of breath, and he laid back in his chair and laughed till his sides were aching. I pulled out a rabbit's foot and tossed it to him, and the effect was magical. He jumped "three feet on a rise and six feet on the stretch," and gave a whoop which was equal to a Comanche chief's. After his fright was over he told me, whatever I did, not to put any more of those hoodoos on him. I did not intend to frighten him, but wished to see if the superstition he had possessed in his young days had departed from him.

I gave him a shining dollar for scaring him so, and he was himself again. We had had a fine time in the few hours I had staid with him, and I asked him to pick up his banjo again and play and sing the tune he used to call "Mr. Kimble." His bony fingers raked across the strings again, and he sang the quaint saw I had enjoyed often when a child:

"You can't guess what we had fo' supper—
Cum a rop-strop-bottle, Mr. Kimble!—
Black eyed peas and bread and butter.
Cum a rop-strop-bottle, Mr. Kimble!"

"Beefsteak, ham and mutton chop—
Cum a rop-strop-bottle, Mr. Kimble!—
Make a nigger's lips go flippity-flop.
Cum a rop-strop-bottle, Mr. Kimble!"

"And after each verse he sang the chorus:

"Keemo, kimo, kilgo, kayro,
Fleero, flivo, flavoray!
Rep-strop ertwinkle, little yaller booger!
Cum a rop-strop-bottle, Mr. Kimble!"

Though age had left its tolling mark on the person of Mose, his rich voice was as clear as a bell, and the minstrel of today cannot equal it for genuine melody. I was not anxious to leave him, but the day was far spent, and I had several miles to go, so I bade him goodby and left the faithful old servant with tears streaming down his husky face. He laid his rough hands on my head and blessed me, saying "Massa Will, I'll soon be over dere in de land ob Canyan, but I'll remember de visit to my dyin' day."—Lexington Courier-Journal.

TWIN BROTHERS.



WILL
MAKE
YOU
HAPPY!



Do you want to be happy and make all your friends happy? Then come to TWIN BROTHERS to make your selections of Christmas presents. We have the largest, grandest and prettiest stock of holiday goods ever displayed in Paris. We are giving goods away—you might say—so low are we selling them. To make room we have decided to sacrifice our immense stock of

MEN'S AND BOY'S OVERCOATS, CLOTHING, LADIES' JACKETS AND CAPES, COMFORTS, BLANKETS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Read every line in this advertisement, it will advise where to buy and save:
Big Bargains in Capes that were \$2.00 now 95c, 2.50 now 1.25, 3.50 now 1.95, 5.00 now 2.50, 6.00 now 3.00, 7.50 now 4.25, 9.00 now 5.00, 10.00 now 6.25, 12.50 now 7.00, 15.00 now 7.50.
Jackets that were \$3.00 now 2.00, 4.50 now 2.25, 5.00 now 2.50, 6.00 now 3.25, 7.50 now 3.75, 8.50 now 4.25, 10.50 now 5.25, 12.00 now 5.95, 15.00 now 6.95.

Giving away Overcoats and Ulsters that were \$3.00 now 1.95, 5.00 now 2.75, 7.50 now 3.75, 10.00 now 5.00, 12.50 now 7.00, 15.00 now 8.00, 20.00 now 9.95.

Make your Christmas selections from our beautiful stock of silk handkerchiefs, linen handkerchiefs, initial handkerchiefs, mufflers, fine hosiery, fine gloves, fine jewelry, fine garters, neckwear, fine shirts, cuff buttons, earrings, stick-pins, hair-pins, fine purses, silk umbrellas, kid gloves, fine plush cases, brush and comb sets, water sets, mirrors, boxes, perfumes, glove cases.

Toys, dolls, carriages, wagons, baby houses, dishes, drums, chairs, guns, ships, desks, watches, tambourines, accordions, vases, sideboards, carts, sleighs, trains, bed-stands, cradles, bureaus, trumpets, dancing figures, whips, games, puzzles, rockers, wheelbarrows.

Big Bargains also in MEN'S and BOY'S SUITS.

Free! Free! We give a Large Handsome Framed Picture when your purchase amounts to \$10.00.

We give Coupon Tickets with everything you buy of us, no matter how small.

Remember, the place to save money is at

TWIN BROTHERS.

BOURBON'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BRINGERS.

701-703 MAIN ST., PARIS, KY

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

L. & N. R. R.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:35 p. m.
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 8:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—4:35 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 8:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 5:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 8:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:50 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.
To Richmond—11:03 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:23 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.
F. B. CARR, Agent.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville..... 8:30am 8:00pm
Ar Lexington..... 11:25am 8:10pm
Lv Lexington..... 11:25am 8:00pm 8:30pm
Lv Winchester..... 11:58am 8:35pm 9:15am 8:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling..... 12:25pm 8:50pm 9:50am 8:50pm
Ar Washington..... 6:50am 8:40pm
Ar Philadelphia..... 10:15am 7:00pm
Ar New York..... 12:40pm 9:00pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester..... 7:30am 4:50pm 6:30am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington..... 8:00am 5:20pm 7:30am 3:15pm
Ar Frankfort..... 9:11am 6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville..... 10:01am 7:20pm
Ar Louisville..... 11:00am 8:15pm

Trains marked thus + run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change.

For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on

F. B. CARR,
Agent L. & N. R. R.,
or, GEORGE W. BARNEY,
Div. Pass. Agent,
Lexington, Ky.

HOUSE AND LOT AND BLACK-SMITH SHOP FOR SALE.

I DESIRE to sell my house and lot, with blacksmith shop, at Jacksonville, Ky. I will sell for half cash, balance in twelve months. For further particulars, address, or call on

BENJ. F. SHARON,
Jacksonville, Ky.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER,

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